



No. CLL.]

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THE HONEY OF WISDOM !!!

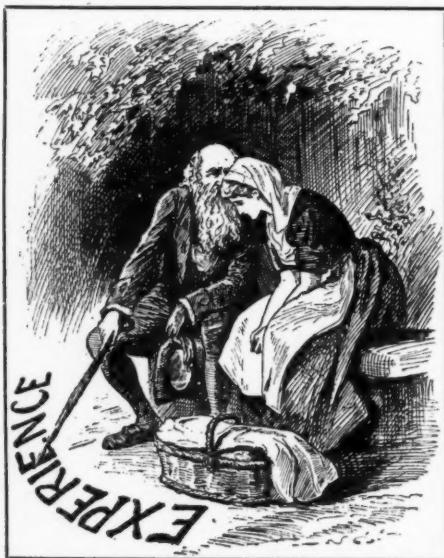
We gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

'Who best can suffer, best can do.'—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

'Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with *Lassus*, it is "EXPERIENCE."—LORD LYTTON.



FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL,
Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

'DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "FRUIT SALT," I have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. Sluggish action of the liver and bilious headache so affected him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your "FRUIT SALT," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been

so beneficial in various complaints that you may well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.

'To J. C. ENO, Esq.'

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL'

INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS, SCARLET FEVER, PYEMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease.

'I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyemia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable Disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated. A PROFESSIONAL NURSE. April 21, 1884.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS. The Foundation and GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,
BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1895.

An Arranged Marriage.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD,

AUTHOR OF 'LADY BABY,' 'A QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM,' &C.,
AND JOINT-AUTHOR OF 'REATA,' &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

WHILE completing the arrangement of his moustache before the mirror that evening, Lieutenant Bernegg was unusually thoughtful. Miss Brand had, at the last moment, granted him the cotillon. The situation was pleasant, but it required to be reviewed. For more than a week past the cautious butterfly had been judiciously but vainly fluttering round this flower—in itself an almost unprecedented thing—and at last the flower seemed to be yielding; and, not only this, but it turned out to be a flower made of solid British gold, for within the last few days a rumour of Mr. Brand's enormous fortune had been circulating in the Curhaus. The discovery lifted a weight from the lieutenant's soul. He had begun to suspect himself of taking this flirtation a trifle, just a trifle, too seriously. Under ordinary circumstances this would, of course, have been foolish, but there could be nothing foolish in taking seriously such an heiress as Miss Brand turned out to be. He began to ask himself whether so wonderful a chance as this would be likely ever to occur again. And then, as for the future, there would probably be nothing to

prevent his fluttering on again, should he happen to get tired of sitting still for so long. He was rather pensive when he went down to the *table d'hôte*. The immediate future unrolled all sorts of pleasant prospects before his mind's eye. His days would now, doubtless, be more agreeably occupied than within the past week, when he had actually been reduced to taking iron baths merely *pour passer le temps*, as he pathetically observed.

The dining-room to-day presented an even gayer scene than usual. Many a dazzling frock that had been lying by, waiting for such an opportunity as this, came to light this evening, and everyone who possessed an ornament seemed to have put it on. Mimi and Lili Kruger were dressed entrancingly in the tenderest of sky-blues, and Teresina Bazzanella, who had nothing better than the black lace dress which her godmother had given her two years ago, had tied round her neck a ribbon that was redder than her own lips. Annie, too, had taken particular interest in her toilet to-night, and had even borrowed one of her mother's diamond stars to set off her white silk dinner dress. She knew that the glittering stones in her hair made her more beautiful than she had ever looked before, and the knowledge brought colour to her cheek and light to her eye. She was almost happy in the thought of outshining Teresina.

Dinner was finished somewhat hurriedly. Herr Plenn had disappeared some time before the dessert. It was on his willing shoulders, of course, that the arrangements for the evening reposed.

The interval between the last spoonful that was swallowed and the first chord of dance music struck upon the grand piano was filled by an expectant pause. Some of the ladies hastened to their rooms to give some finishing touch to their toilet, or to cast a last look in the mirror. Presently the room began to fill. Annie had gone upstairs to fetch her mother. Mrs. Brand was sitting in the middle of the room, loaded with all her diamonds and bathed in a perspiration of alarm. It had been by her husband's strict orders that she had emptied every one of her *étuis* to-night.

'Mind you don't keep a single stone dark,' had been his injunction. 'It's been bad enough to have to hold them back all summer, and to go on pretending that we're not better off than other people, but at least we'll go off with a flash in the pan.'

'Quick, mother, or we'll miss the first waltz!' said Annie, entering.

'Tell me, child, is—is—is—*he* to be here to-night?' stammered the mother.

Annie was settling her hair before the glass.

'Is who to be here? Lieutenant Bernegg? Yes, of course. Didn't I tell you that I had given him the cotillon? What! you are still sitting, mother? Don't you know that the music has already begun? The first waltz, mother, the first waltz!' and she hurried the small, red satin figure out of the room and down the staircase.

Mrs. Brand looked at her daughter once or twice, as though to assure herself that this was indeed Annie. To be sure, it was her first real ball, and perhaps the knowledge that she would be the queen of it had gone to her head, but somehow this particular form of high spirits did not seem like Annie.

The first waltz had begun when they entered the room. On the balcony above, the lookers-on—consisting of the semi-invalids and the people who had no dresses to wear—were already installed. Festoons of scarlet vine-leaves decorated the windows, and hung in brilliant loops from the candelabra. Everybody seemed a little excited. This dance signified the farewell to the season, but it also signified a good many other farewells, as well as the failure of some projects and the disappointment of some hopes, which the season had proved itself too short to mature. The Brands' travelling-trunks were not the only ones which stood ready packed upstairs, and despite the chatter and laughter on all sides there were many troubled hearts in the Cursalon this evening, and some pairs of eyes to which the tears stood very near.

But Annie Brand's gaiety showed no signs of forsaking her. Lieutenant Bernegg had been most agreeably surprised by the smile with which his first word had been answered; and as the evening advanced, and waltz and quadrille followed upon each other, this pleasant surprise increased, as did also the astonishment of the company at large. No movement of Annie's could to-night escape general attention, for she was not only the queen of the ball, but also the newly unmasked heiress who bore upon her the reflection of all her mother's diamonds and all her father's gold. The new and fierce light which beat to-day upon her every gesture revealed that her encouragement of the lieutenant was given in so downright a fashion as to appear even rather offensive to some more experienced coquettes. Those who had witnessed the events of the last weeks had not to seek far for the reason

of her line of conduct—only about as far as the breadth of the room, on the other side of which the Principe Roccattelli was generally to be seen by the side of Teresina Bazzanella—and her motive, too, had their full approval, but almost every woman in the room could have given her a lesson as to the manner of doing the thing. There was such a pitiable want of subtlety about it all, as to set the teeth of some of the more fastidious on edge. There could be no doubt that those *Inglesi* had much too thorough a way of doing things.

Annie guessed nothing of the remarks around her, and scarcely noticed the glances. The knowledge of her impending departure had made her well-nigh reckless. It could not matter what conclusions either Bernegg or the lookers-on gathered from her demeanour, since to-morrow at break of day she would be gone from this hateful place for ever. With this before her eyes she felt free to encourage him without restraint.

And yet, through it all, she could not feel certain that the one person in the room for whom the display was intended had ever actually taken cognisance of it. Not one of the glances which she stole across the room found Luigi's face turned towards her. He did not seem to be talking much himself, but appeared so engrossed in his companion's talk as to have lost sight of his surroundings.

It was late in the evening when for the first time Annie discovered that his eyes were upon her. The cotillon, that is the climax of the entertainment, had been going on for some time under the indefatigable direction of Herr Plenn. Owing to the short notice given no very imposing preparations had been possible; there were no paper hoops here through which the gentlemen would have to jump like circus poodles, no giant butterfly wings to be fastened to the ladies' shoulders, none of those elaborate figures which make the delight of Vienna ball-rooms. Though the Bajazzo had done his best, he had been forced to be far less ambitious. A lady placed at one end of the room, a group of gentlemen at the other, a ball thrown by the lady and caught by the nimblest of the gentlemen; again, a lady sitting on a chair with a *cocarde* in her hand and three gentlemen led up to her, her choice of the one she wished to dance with being marked by the bestowal of the *cocarde*—of these and similar harmless little jokes did Herr Plenn's programme consist.

Annie threw the ball straight at Bernegg when it came to her turn. When, a few minutes later, she was sitting on the chair

with the *cocarde* in her hand, Bernegg was again one of the three men who were placed before her—not by chance, for Herr Plenn, having noticed that the lieutenant was in favour, and being good-natured, thought it only kind to give him these extra chances. Without any hesitation Annie handed him the green *cocarde*, and then, as she rose from her chair, instinctively looked in Luigi's direction. This time she met his eyes full, but immediately turned away. She thought that she knew now for certain that he hated her.

The cotillon was nearing its end when once more Annie was led to the chair in the centre, and a small mirror placed in her hand, not for the purpose of looking at her own face, but at those of the dancers who in turn were brought up from behind, the unsuitable ones being dismissed by her passing her lace handkerchief across the mirror. Several had already retired discomfited, when suddenly the fussy Signor Molinetti made a spring towards the Bajazzo and, with a series of knowing winks, whispered something in his ear. Annie looked again into the mirror, and saw there a face which she had not seen so near since the day when she had stood in the empty granary of the river house. It looked older than she remembered it, and seemed to her even paler than it had been an hour ago. For a few seconds she stared into the mirror without moving; then she remembered where she was, and, conscious of the eyes around her, passed her handkerchief rapidly over the glass with the gesture of a petulant child, and a shake of the head that seemed to say as plainly as in words: 'Not this one, at any price; any other rather than this one!' Instantly the face disappeared, and a fragment of a laugh was heard among the spectators. It had not been Signor Molinetti alone who had thought that it would be rather good fun to see what would come of the experiment.

Within the same minute the music had struck up again, and Annie was waltzing past the spectators on Lieutenant Bernegg's arm.

The looking-glass figure was followed by a somewhat lengthy pause. Nobody seemed quite certain of what was going to happen next, though to all appearances Herr Plenn still held something in reserve, for he had called upon the gentlemen to follow him into the small room across the passage which had been serving him as a hiding-place for his surprises, and whose threshold no foot save his own had as yet been allowed to cross. The velvet seats were deserted of all save the mammas and papas, for,

before leading off the gentlemen, Herr Plenn had placed all the young ladies in a half-circle at the further end of the room. Most of them looked expectantly towards the doorway; a few were talking with their neighbours. Annie, standing at about the middle of the half-circle, discovered that Teresina was beside her. It was the first time since the beginning of the evening that they had happened to be so near each other. Teresina turned with a radiant face towards her companion.

‘It is a beautiful ball, is it not?’ she asked, with dancing eyes.

She would have made the same remark to anyone else who chanced to be standing near her. At that moment it made no difference to her whether she was talking to Annie or to anyone else. The ball really was such a beautiful ball to her that for the present she was conscious of nothing but an intense enjoyment, for Teresina’s nature belonged to the sort which is capable of being intoxicated by such things as waltz music, and gaslight, and even gaudy colouring. She clung to Luigi with every fibre of her perverse and obstinate nature, and yet such surroundings as these were capable of heightening her delight in his neighbourhood to an almost incalculable degree, and making her for the moment quite regardless of the issue that might yet be to come. Her love stood on a base foundation, but the impressionability of her nerves saved her from the yet lower and coarser depths into which such natures as hers are for ever in danger of sinking.

‘Yes, it is a beautiful ball,’ replied Annie readily, and then for a moment she was on the point of telling Teresina of her impending departure. But she quickly changed her mind, for she saw no reason for giving Teresina pleasure, and of course this news would please her. She made, instead, some further remark about the ball, to which Teresina replied, still radiantly. Meanwhile the music had struck up again, and through the open door of the Cursalon an army of dancers poured in, headed by the triumphant Herr Plenn and armed with bouquets of late autumn flowers. A murmur of approbation was heard on all sides. This had been the *arrangeur*’s jealously guarded secret, the final effect which was to form a fitting close both to the cotillon and to the season. Nor had it been easy of execution, for the flowerbeds were getting bare by this time, and it was only by ransacking every garden for a mile or two around, and stripping the very flower-pots in the windows of the village street, that the Bajazzo had succeeded in furnishing each gentleman with a

farewell gift to his partner. The effect, however, was all that could be desired; even the lookers-on who still lingered on the balcony came near to overbalancing themselves in their endeavour to get a perfect view of the proceedings below. Each knight with his brilliant bunch in his hand was looking anxiously about for his rightful damosel, for no one wanted to play the laggard in this tournament of gallantry.

Annie and Teresina were still exchanging remarks when they became aware of their two partners coming towards them, each with a bunch of red carnations in his hand, for in this country of carnations it had been these brilliant blossoms which had formed Herr Plenn's principal harvest. Bernegg, who was a few steps in advance, had barely reached the spot where the girls were standing when Luigi sprang forward.

'That lady is my partner,' he said, and as he spoke his nostrils dilated and all the blood left his face. 'You have got no right to give your flowers to her.'

He did not speak loudly, but so rapidly that the words almost strangled him, and Annie saw that the muscles in his cheek were working.

Bernegg turned towards him in surprise.

'It is to my partner that I mean to give the flowers,' he said, without any excitement, 'not to yours. My flowers are for Miss Brand.'

'That is a lie. I say that you mean to give them to the Signora Bazzanella, and I will not suffer it.' And with a rapid, unexpected movement he took the bunch of carnations out of Bernegg's hand and flung it straight into his face.

It had happened far too quickly for anyone to interfere, and, owing to the music and the waltzing couples, the incident had only been noticed by those close at hand. Signor Molinetti, however, was always close at hand. Before another word had been spoken the old gentleman had taken Luigi by the arm, and with many soothing assurances, such as are used with dangerous madmen, was leading him away. Luigi followed without resistance. The very moment that the thing was done he had become as docile as a child. For a few seconds Bernegg still stood labouring for breath, and alternately flushing and paling with extraordinary rapidity, then he too disappeared in the crowd. Even in this supreme moment he could not help wishing that Luigi had chosen another manner of doing the thing. An *esclandre* had always been the very thing which he held most in horror.

The two girls turned instinctively and looked into each other's eyes. On Annie's face there was nothing to be read but a scared astonishment; on Teresina's there was something which Annie felt that she did not understand. It was not astonishment and it was not fright; it was something which at this moment she could not stop to analyse. The bunch of carnations was lying at her feet. She walked over it without seeing it as she blindly made her way between the revolving couples, towards the retired corner where since the beginning of the evening Mrs. Brand had been vainly endeavouring to hide her light under a bushel. Her knees were trembling beneath her, so that she told herself that she would never be able to cross the room. Before her eyes there swam a grey cloud; the whole brilliant scene around her had melted into a dim and chaotic jumble of colour. But her mother's diamonds she could still discern; they seemed to her the beacon-light that was leading her. Through the midst of the crowd she stumbled towards the far-off corner, and then stood still.

'Take me away, mother,' she said with white lips; 'take me away quickly; this is all I can do to-day.'

And the mother, who had observed nothing of the scene at the end of the room, looked into her daughter's face and did not require to know more. She rose in her sheltered nook, and, taking Annie by the hand, slipped from the room as unobtrusively as her diamonds made it possible.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST STAGE.

BEFORE midday on the following day the Brands had reached Terrente, which was to be the first stage on their homeward journey. Their plan was to sleep here to-night and start next morning by the early express. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, Annie lay down on the hotel bed and fell into a heavy sleep. A certain degree of indifference had come over her since last night. She supposed, indeed, that the scene in the Cursalon would have consequences of some sort, but she was physically and mentally far too tired to go into any matter deeply. The thing must be serious, she told herself, but she did not guess how serious it really was. She knew, of course, that such things as duels took place on the Continent, but the idea was to her far-off and indis-

tinct, belonging well-nigh to the region of romance. If she thought of anything distinctly, she thought of courts of law and compensations to pay, forgetting that this was not sober, practical-minded England.

When she awoke from her long sleep the room was beginning to grow dark. The worst of the purely physical fatigue was over; she felt aware of this even before she had opened her eyes. She got off her bed and walked to the window. It had not before occurred to her even to look into the street. Now only she began to awake to her surroundings. The sight of the houses opposite touched her disagreeably; it seemed strange not to be looking across the green valley to which she had been used for so long. In reality it did not lie more than a dozen miles away, that vine-clad valley set in rocks, and yet for her it was no longer of the same world; it belonged to the irrevocable past.

There was still light enough in the street to see almost distinctly. Annie remained at the window, staring out without curiosity. There was nothing else for her to do. Her mother was no doubt still resting, and her father, according to his habit, had gone out to pick up whatever stray morsels of education he might find lying loose about the place.

The street was fuller now than it had been all day and probably all week, for this was the eve of a feast-day, and the hour when people are hastening home to their suppers. The crowd that thronged the thoroughfare of Terrente belonged principally to the shabby sort—shopkeepers who had put up their shutters prematurely in honour of to-morrow, street-sweepers with their brooms tucked under their arms, washerwomen with their baskets of linen that must be delivered before nightfall. A good many hands were stuffed into the shabby sleeves, and a good many heads were trying to retreat between the shoulders belonging to them, for the weather had turned cold overnight. The unwelcome change was being generally remarked upon by the crowd below, as they hastened along shivering and humping their backs, and mixing up a curse upon the cold weather with the greetings they called to each other, like true Italians, as most of them were.

While Annie still stood at the window gazing apathetically at the passers-by, she caught sight among the grey and brown coats below of a brighter-coloured figure, that seemed familiar to her. She looked again more carefully; it was the small goatherd of the river-bed whom she knew so well. The recognition brought with it a pang. That boy belonged to the world which she had

just left. It was strange that he should be here ; what possible business could bring him to Terrente ? He was behaving strangely too, as she now became aware, for having gone a little way up the street he turned and came back again, gaped at the front of the hotel for some seconds, again walked away, and presently reappeared among the crowd, straight in front of the entrance, jostled on all sides and still open-mouthed.

Annie had watched his movements keenly. She now opened the window, without quite knowing why she was doing so, and called the boy by his name. He looked up, showed his teeth in token of recognition, and immediately disappeared under the entrance. Annie went to meet him on the staircase, expecting she knew not what. Half-way down she met him. It was a torn sheet of letter-paper which he handed her, and on it a few shaky lines, pitifully unlike the Principessa's own handwriting.

'He is going to fight with his comrade to-morrow at sunrise. They have chosen pistols. If anyone can do anything it is you. Come back to me, if you can ; I am alone in my unhappiness.'

So scrawled and smeared was the writing that Annie could not get at the sense until she had spelled out the single words. She did so aloud, quite forgetting that this was an hotel staircase, and unaware of the existence of the small boy who stood before her in his scanty rags and with chattering teeth. In the same moment that she understood everything she felt all her strength coming back to her. The last trace of to-day's heavy lethargy vanished as though it had never been. This, at least, meant the end of the passive stage. What was coming might be much worse, but it implied action of some sort. It was with a bright colour in her cheek that she went back to her room to make immediate preparations for departure. She began mechanically putting her hairbrushes and combs back into her travelling-bag. While she was busied thus she suddenly remembered that of course her father would not let her go, for she knew of his absolute break with the Principessa. She sat down on the nearest chair in order to think out the matter. There was the choice of either defying him openly or of going without his knowledge. As for the first, she felt morally quite strong enough ; but the physical strength was on his side, and she knew him well enough to know that he would not shrink from the use of it. If she were locked up in her room with her father sleeping across the door, the Principessa would wait in vain. She knew also that to reason with him would be exactly as hopeless as to struggle with him. Therefore the only chance

was to go without his knowledge. But for this she must wait until after supper. She looked at the note again. 'At sunrise,' it said. The drive could not take much more than three hours. Supposing she could start at nine, she would be there soon after midnight. She would still be in time. In time for what? Of that she could form no distinct idea. She knew only that she had to be there at any price. The idea of not going never even occurred to her. It was some days now since she had discovered that implicit obedience does not always answer in life as well as it does in the schoolroom, but it was only to-day that she awoke to the full consciousness of personal independence.

She got up again, and went on making her preparations more deliberately now, counting the money in her purse, laying her hat and gloves where she could easily find them, and putting the rest of the toilet things into her bag.

Mrs. Brand was too tired to go downstairs, for which reason the supper was served in her room. Annie appeared there at eight o'clock, looking so thoroughly rested and wideawake that Mr. Brand even remarked upon his daughter's improved appearance.

'Beginning to look more like yourself again, eh, Annie?' had been his greeting. 'And quite right too. I'm bound to say that I myself am feeling ever so much more like my own person since I've turned my back upon that precious valley and all its inhabitants. Never mind, my girl; we'll make up for this summer yet!'

He was still in the rebound of yesterday's relief. The fried cutlets, too, happened to hit off his taste to a nicety, which increased his good humour, for as a rule nothing could be served crisp enough for Mr. Brand, just as no chair could be stuffed hard enough to satisfy him.

'Bless you, a man likes to know what he's got between his teeth,' he had been heard to say; 'and he likes to know what he's sitting upon. None of your flabby food and spongy chairs for me.'

To sit upon a kitchen stool gnawing a bare bone ought by rights to be more enjoyable to men of this particular constitution of mind than to feast on *vol-au-vent* seated on a damask chair. The want of resistance both about the *vol-au-vent* and the chair cannot fail to act depressingly upon one whose chief pleasure in life is the overcoming of obstacles.

It was the first time that Mr. Brand had even indirectly alluded to the events of the summer before Annie, and she knew

thereby that his hottest anger was spent, for, despite the violence of his character, it had ever been his way to be silent about that which most deeply enraged him. He had always been one more given to sulk than to storm.

Annie ate as much supper as she could, telling herself that she had a long night before her, but it was all she could do to listen quietly to her father's exultant talk, while knowing all the time that the minutes were stealing on.

It was drawing very near to nine o'clock when she said at last, desperately :

'We have to get up early, father. Mother should be going to bed.'

He broke off in the midst of an harangue.

'To be sure, and so should you. You mustn't lose those roses in your cheeks, mind. We'll be needing them for somebody else.'

And Mr. Brand kissed his daughter and went off to bed chuckling in spirit over his neatly turned phrase, as well as over the prophetically seen discomfiture of that old lady in the tumble-down palace, when she should receive the announcement of her 'sweet Annee's' marriage.

Rankin was in Annie's room, making the preparations for the night.

'Go to my mother,' said Annie, promptly; 'she is waiting, and I shall not require you.'

She put on her hat and jacket, and then sat down to wait until what should appear to be a safe moment. It would not do to wait very long, for the hotel might be closed and there might be no more carriages to be had. When this last idea occurred to her, she rose immediately, feeling that she must be gone, whether the moment was safe or not.

There was no one on the staircase, but in the entrance below the stout figure of the porter filled half the doorway, as he stood with hands in trousers pockets, reviewing the few passers-by that were still abroad. He looked at her with some curiosity as she walked straight past him, then, recognising one of the occupants of the best suite of rooms, made a hasty grab at his cap. The recognition made him feel more curious than ever, and even somewhat disturbed, for surely this was not an hour at which young ladies usually take walks. There was an anxious frown upon his broad countenance as he watched her disappear up the street, then suddenly the countenance cleared. He had remembered that she was an *Inglese*, and that, of course, explained any

amount of eccentricity. There was no further need to bother about the matter.

For some minutes Annie walked in breathless haste and without any regard to direction, thinking only of the possibility of pursuit. Presently she turned into another street and her pace relaxed. She began to look about her and to consider her plan of action. She had seen no cabstand as yet, and the only two vehicles which had passed her had each had an occupant. Evidently Terrente went to bed early. And yet she must have a conveyance at any price. It occurred to her that there had been some fiacres at the railway station when she had arrived here six weeks ago. But at which end of the town was the railway station? She quickened her pace again, walking almost at random and in hopes of some fortunate chance. The solitary figures which the street lamps revealed from time to time upon the pavement were generally huddled in poor shawls. Two men stepping out of a drinking-shop hailed her noisily and followed for some yards. She walked as fast as she was able, annoyed only at the thought that any interruption must mean loss of time. It had not yet occurred to her to feel frightened at anything that might happen to-night.

The solitary figures were getting more solitary when she at length recognised the long white building which she knew to be the railway station. She had been walking the streets for more than an hour now. The night train had come in some minutes ago, and the half-dozen fiacres which was all that Terrente could afford had been lucky to-night, for four of them had already got their fares and were trotting briskly across the square. Two only still remained, and one of these was being laden with luggage. It passed Annie at a jog-trot, just as she emerged breathless upon the square. She began to run, keeping her eyes fixed upon the one fiacre which still stood at its place. She was within a dozen paces of it when a small old gentleman came down the steps of the building, followed by a porter carrying a portmanteau. Annie tried to call to the driver, but she had no breath remaining. She saw the portmanteau hoisted on to the box and the old gentleman preparing to enter the vehicle. With a spring forward she grasped him by the arm.

'That carriage—is mine,' she managed to say, struggling with her want of breath. 'I must have—that carriage.'

The old gentleman withdrew his foot from the step and looked at her with a mixture of speechless indignation and pure terror. He

was small and frail, and to be assaulted by this determined-looking young woman frightened him a good deal.

'Tell him to take your portmanteau off the box. It is I who must have this carriage, not you.'

'Pardon me,' said the stranger, recovering himself a little. 'It is I who have engaged this fiacre.'

'I know, but I must have it. I must get to Lancegno to-night.'

Here the driver began to take part in the conversation.

'To Lancegno? *Grazie, Signora,*' he remarked with a touch of scorn. 'My beasts and I have had enough for one day. I will rather take this gentleman to the hotel than spend the night—and such a night, too—upon my seat here.'

'I will pay you well if you will take me.'

'So will I. I will give you a florin beyond your fare if you take me to the hotel.'

'I will give you fifty florins, a hundred florins,' and she began with trembling fingers to pull the money from her purse.

The gaslight burned brightly here, and both the driver and the small old gentleman could see the notes quite plainly. There was a momentary silence of pure astonishment; then the driver, without a word, began to push the portmanteau off the box. Evidently the old gentleman had the good sense to recognise that his side of the case was hopeless, for he waited until the fiacre had got into motion with the mysterious stranger inside before breaking into loud and voluble curses upon the instability of hired drivers and the forwardness of young women, while shaking his two small fists at the departing vehicle.

Once the street-lamps had been left behind, the road became pitch-dark, for there was not so much as a single star in the sky. Fast progress was impossible, though Annie had told the man to make the horses go as hard as they could. She sat upright in the closed carriage, well forward on her seat, like a person who will have to leave it the next minute, and yet she knew quite well that she must sit here for three hours, or possibly four or five. Impatience had never been one of her faults. To-night she made acquaintance with its agonies. In vain she peered out through the darkness for some landmark to tell her how far forward they were on the road. There was nothing to be seen but the black night, and nothing to be heard but a slight rustle upon the pane. Already while she walked the streets a fine icy rain had begun to fall, a rain that felt almost like sleet. When she had sat still for

a little time she began to shiver, and remembered that she ought to have put on something warmer than her travelling jacket. It was too dark even to read the face of her watch, and yet from time to time she took it out mechanically and then impatiently put it back in its place. Several times the fiacre came to a standstill. They had not been gone from Terrente for more than an hour when this happened for the first time; and yet Annie looked out eagerly, in the wild, momentary belief that they had reached their destination. Instead of this she discovered that the driver had dozed off upon the box, and that the tired horses were taking advantage of the circumstance. This happened again and again, and each time Annie looked out for the gate of the Monastero, and each time the man had to be roused and a fresh start to be made.

Once the crow of a cock somewhere hard by gave her a pang of alarm. That meant that the night was waning.

The trees were beginning to grow distinguishable as black masses, and the sky was turning pale in the east, when Annie in truth saw the gate of the Monastero. She gazed at the whitish streak behind the hills with fixed and frightened eyes. That streak signified the sunrise, and it was at sunrise that they were to meet. She would be too late. Too late for what? To say good-bye to the lover of Teresina Bazzanella!

The small, cold rain had ceased to fall; there were chirpings and twitterings in the air and the fluttering of many wings. A cloud of swallows rose from the top of the old stone wall, as the worn-out fiacre horses came to their final standstill.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST MOMENT.

THE gate stood ajar and the door of the house was not locked. For the first time in her acquaintance with the Monastero Annie reached the hall without even seeing Giacomo. The whole place had a look of complete desertion, which the uncertain grey light helped to intensify.

Half groping her way through the library she came to the big drawing-room. In the wide, white grate which she had always seen empty as yet, there still smouldered the remains of a log.

Before it the Principessa sat with a small iron vessel full of hot coals upon her knee, the *calderino* so dear to the Italian heart. She was not the Principessa whom Annie had known. She sat there bent and shivering, and a glance made it evident that she had been sitting thus all night. Her hair, which Annie had hitherto seen only in shining silver curls, daintily veiled by the lace mantilla, was to-day uncovered and disarranged. The spots where it had grown thin were plainly visible. One white curl had lost its shape entirely, and hung past the ear in a long, meagre wisp. It was a collapse so sudden and entire that Annie stood before her as she might have stood before a stranger. By the light of the candle which burned on the table beside the Principessa she could see that the buttons of her bodice were wrongly fastened. To one who knew the Principessa this said more even than the haggard face and dull eyes which she turned upon her visitor. The sight of Annie seemed neither to astonish nor rejoice her.

'That is you?' she said, in a tired voice. 'Yes, I thought that you would come, but it will make no difference. You might as well have stayed away.'

'You told me to come.'

'Yes, I told you. There was a moment when I fancied that you could do something. It was only a mad idea. I suppose my brain is weakening. Such things come from old age. It is a terrible thing to grow old, I tell you. Of course you can do nothing.'

'Of course I cannot. But cannot Teresina Bazzanella?'

'Teresina Bazzanella—Teresina Bazzanella!' The Principessa repeated the name several times over, shaken apparently with silent laughter, as she cowered over her *calderino*. 'The idea of Teresina doing anything! Why, she would shoot him herself if she had money enough to buy a pistol. Do you know her so little?'

'Does she not love him?'

'After her fashion, yes; but she would much rather see him dead than belonging to another woman. She would shoot him through the heart, I tell you, and then she would bury him in a beautiful grave, and every day with her own fingers she would deck it with flowers and weep tears of joy at the thought that at last he belonged to her alone.'

'Does he not belong to her now?'

The Principessa stared at Annie in dull wonder.

'Are you a woman, or are you a simpleton? Do you not yet understand that he loves you?'

'But is it not because of her that they are fighting? It was because he thought that the other man meant to——'

'Yes, after you had maddened him all the evening. We Italians are not made of wood. Don't you understand that he *had* to insult the other man? It didn't much matter how, why, or when.'

'But, can it be that——'

'Be quiet!' said the Principessa, vehemently, raising her head and looking at Annie with eyes that had suddenly caught fire. 'You fool! I tell you that he loves you, and that it is *for* you that he is fighting. It is *you* who have brought about this thing.'

For a full minute she sat upright, measuring Annie with a gaze so full of fury that the girl's own eyes fell before it. Then the excitement passed as it had come. Her attitude relaxed and she bent again over her *calderino*, impatiently pushing back the one long wisp which was for ever falling forward on to her face.

Annie had sat down upon her accustomed chair and, exhausted with the long, weary night, leant her head back against the moth-eaten cushion. She was not conscious of feeling any especial surprise at what the Principessa had said. It seemed to her that she had known all this even at the very moment when she stood on the hotel staircase, reading the Principessa's note. It could not well be otherwise. She had wanted only to hear it attested in so many plain words—logically explained. It was not her fault if she thought logic safer than instinct. There was no joy in the discovery. She had only learnt that it was she, and not the 'Roman girl' who was driving him to his possible death.

'Where is he?' she asked after a long silence.

But the Principessa was following her own thoughts.

'Poor Teresina! She will not have been in her bed all night. I can well imagine her sitting and looking out for the news of his death. It will be a blow to her if he escapes. I am not even sure that she will survive it. That woman has too many nerves to be able to stand many shocks like this; and they must have been strung very highly for a week past, those poor fine-spun nerves. They were even talking yesterday of a beginning of brain fever, but I do not know if it is true.'

'Where is he?' repeated Annie.

'Upstairs. You want to say good-bye? You can go. Yes, go and tell him how happy you both might have been if you had not both been determined to choose unhappiness. I have said

my good-bye already. Yes, go and tell him. It is a great thing to be young and clever.'

Annie rose and went towards the door, followed by the subdued laughter of the old woman with the *calderino*.

With her hand on the curtain she stood still, and asked without turning her head:

'You say I can do nothing?'

'Nothing. It was a foolish thought. It would be dishonour now to withdraw. You can do nothing,' repeated the Principessa, impatiently. 'But go quickly.'

The daylight was beginning to look in at the windows as Annie mounted the carpetless staircase. She had no notion of which way she was to go. For a while she wandered about the open gallery that was still full of the shadows of the night, opening several doors in succession. Then a new sound fell upon her ear. Was somebody crying in one of those dark corners? She went nearer and discovered the yellow terrier, Gyps, sitting before a closed door and whining softly. This must be the room she was looking for.

Luigi, standing with his back to the door, was busied with some papers on a table. Several torn-up sheets lay upon the floor beside him. He was in the act of tearing up another as Annie entered. At the sound of the opening door he pushed the papers aside. Then he turned and recognised her, and a look of displeasure crossed his face. In this moment he felt only a lively irritation. This was not what he had wished for. He had said good-bye to everything, broken with everything—so he believed. He did not want to be awakened again to the things that belonged to this life. He had thought himself safe. There was but one thing which could be capable of disturbing that peace, which during the long hours of this long night had been so laboriously attained. He was not thankful to see her; it was exactly from her that he wanted to fly. Some evil spirit must have brought her hither. Sternly and coldly he asked her why she had come.

'To ask for your pardon. I should have come sooner if I had known, but I did not know of the duel until your mother sent me word.'

'What made her send you word? Was it my mother who told you to come to me now?'

'No; it was I who wanted to come. I wanted you to know the truth. She says that you are fighting because of me. I did not know that before.'

Luigi's fingers were again moving among the papers on the table. It was evident that he wished to avoid looking at her. His face was no longer quite calm. With his foot he impatiently pushed aside the yellow terrier who was trying to elicit a sign of notice.

'It cannot matter whom I am fighting for. It would have been better if you had not come.'

'No, it would not have been better,' said Annie, and, though she had felt almost strong a moment before, the tears suddenly rose to her eyes and began to wet her cheeks. 'I had to come. I knew that you were going to a great danger, and I had to see you. It is I who have brought about this thing.'

Luigi was still busy with the papers. At the sound of the change in her voice he looked up quickly and his own face altered. For one moment longer he struggled with himself, then, coming forward, he took her into his arms, gently and reverently—far more quietly than he had ever done anything in his life. There was about him something new to-day—something which Annie had never before seen. He spoke without gestures, almost without the customary emphasis on particular words.

With her forehead leaning against his shoulder she stood in silence, sobbing helplessly. He waited without impatience until she had a little recovered herself. Then, raising her face, he kissed her on the lips twice, without passion, but with an infinite tenderness. No word of explanation was said. Neither the other man nor the other woman was mentioned between them. The moment was too grave for any small reminiscences, and neither were they wanted, since each understood everything without any such things, for these are the moments when even wilfully blinded eyes see with terrible clearness.

Having kissed her, he released her gently.

'It may be that you think I had no right to do this,' he said, in a different tone. 'But you would think otherwise if you knew everything. This has been our last farewell.'

Annie searched his face with her frightened eyes.

'Do not some duels end well?' she asked at last.

'Yes, very many,' said Luigi, with a certain hesitation. He walked a few steps away from her and came back again, frowning at the floor like a man who is debating something within himself.

'Then may not this one end well?'

'This one cannot end well.'

'I understand nothing about duels,' she said, still scanning his face with a growing feeling of panic. 'You are going to fight with pistols, are you not?'

'Yes.'

'And each of you shoots once?'

Luigi took up one of the papers that were lying on the table, looked at it for a moment blankly, then, dropping it again, turned towards Annie. He had evidently come to a resolution.

'It is better that you should know the whole truth. This is a moment at which there should not be even the shadow of a veil between us. We must not part with a false hope blinding us. I will tell you everything. But you must swear not to let my mother know.'

'Yes, I swear it.'

He went on, speaking more quickly:

'Many duels end well—in fact, most of them do. A scratch on the cheek, an injured hand, that is generally all the result. But I have never had patience with these caricatures of duels. To my mind a deadly insult can only be paid for with life itself. My comrades have always known what my ideas on the subject were; perhaps this is one of the reasons why I have never been challenged before. But Bernegg has no choice, of course. As the person challenged, I have the choice of the weapons. I have chosen pistols. The first shot, too, is mine, by rights—those are our laws of duelling. I renounced this right, but in return I have made my own conditions. We stand at fifteen paces distance, with the barrier between us, and each of us fires three shots.'

Annie listened with strained attention, trying to follow his words, and yet not comprehending everything. She could not at this moment clearly realise what fifteen paces distance would look like. It seemed to convey no idea to her mind.

'Cannot the three shots miss?'

'The first two, perhaps; the third cannot. We have the right to advance.'

'That means——'

'That means simply that it does not lie within the bounds of human probability that both of us should remain alive. We walk up to the barrier; the last shot is fired at the distance of a foot—of an inch, maybe.'

Annie stood quite quiet and considered his words, and as she went over them in her mind a feeling of despair settled down slowly

upon her. She understood now why he was so quiet and so different from what she had known, and she understood also why he had been tearing up the papers.

‘I understand,’ she said aloud. ‘Yes, now I think I understand everything. You have done a terrible thing.’

‘Do you think so? I could not have done otherwise. If anyone approves of my action it should be you. Is it not your own principle to do entirely whatever one does?’ And he tried to smile, but it would not do.

‘You have done something terrible,’ she said again.

‘I have told you this only in order that you may see that I have the right to say everything to you at this moment. I am speaking to you as a man on his deathbed speaks. Whatever the end is, we can never meet again. To-day I shall either be dead, or else a murderer in your eyes—I shall have forfeited my right to happiness. There is no other issue. We must certainly part; but before this you must know that I have loved you with the whole strength of my soul.’

He turned his head quickly; there was a step in the passage.

‘They are coming; I have no more time.’

He spoke again in the same short tone in which he had first addressed her, and with the air of a man who had suddenly recollected himself. Then, turning away, he hastily finished his arrangements on the table. Annie watched him without moving from the spot on which she stood, not aware of any especial pain. Even the tears on her cheeks had dried up long ago.

The step in the passage came nearer, and then stopped. There was a gentle rap at the door, so soft and low that it sounded like a secret signal.

Gyps began to bark indignantly, and Luigi turned from the table, and taking his sword from a chair hard by, buckled it on without once looking towards Annie. He took his cap in his hand and walked straight past her. When he was two paces from the door he came back again and seized her in his arms.

‘This is the last moment, Annetta,’ he whispered in her ear; and for the first time to-day his voice faltered. His face was close to hers; she could see that there were tears in his eyes, and that his lips were working. With all his strength he held her, pressing one long passionate kiss upon her unresponsive lips—a kiss that was as fire to water beside the kiss he had given her five minutes ago—then, pushing her from him, he went quickly from the room.

Several minutes passed, while Annie still stood dazed and breathless from that wild embrace. This was indeed the Luigi she had always known. She waited for some time; the footsteps of several people descending the staircase still reached her ear, and then the door of the house closed. It was almost broad daylight by this time. She left the room slowly, and slowly walked along the corridor. Gyps, trotting uneasily from door to door, met her here again. The first sunbeam had just caught the highest line of the roof, but the enclosed garden below, where stood the stone pavilion, was still as gloomy as the bottom of a well. It had always seemed to Annie to be a reservoir of chilliness. The sun would not reach it till midday, and would leave it again in less than an hour.

CHAPTER XXV.

WAITING.

THE Principessa was still sitting as Annie had left her, only that instead of nursing the *calderino* upon her knee she had a mother-o'-pearl rosary twisted between her fingers. She glanced at the girl with furtive inquiry, and Annie saw that the bitterness was gone from her face. Something of deprecation lay in the glance. She had said that Annie could do nothing, and she knew it to be so, and yet she could not forbear that silent question.

In response Annie smiled a wretched little smile. It seemed easier just then to smile than to speak. By the Principessa's face she knew quite well that the steps on the staircase and the closing of the big door had been heard and marked.

She sat down on the same chair on which she had before been sitting. The Principessa went on twisting the beads between her fingers, although it was evident that she was not praying. Annie found herself stupidly wondering what her first remark would be. When it came at last it was quite unexpected. The Principessa asked her without a shade of interest whether she had been able to sleep in the carriage.

'No,' replied Annie.

'Would you not lie down and sleep now?'

'No, I cannot sleep.'

'You must be very tired,' said the Principessa, still speaking in the lifeless manner that was so unlike herself.

'Yes, very tired,' said Annie, thankful for the indifferent remarks. Nothing else would have been bearable just then.

'I suppose it was raining?'

'I suppose so.'

'Will you not take off your hat?'

Annie put up her hand. She had not before noticed that she had her hat on. Neither had the Principessa.

'That hat is not becoming to you,' said the Principessa, with perfect indifference. 'I like you better in large hats. You should get a hat with a broader brim.'

'I suppose so,' said Annie again. To talk about her hat was, at any rate, better than silence, even if the answers did not always happen to be the right ones. She hoped the Principessa would find something more to say, but just now there occurred the first pause. The Principessa seemed suddenly to have forgotten all about Annie and her hat. She sat brooding, with her eyes upon the ashes in the grate, and the minutes began to pass. It was too soon, indeed, for the tension of expectation to have begun, and yet the stillness was disquieting. Gyps, who had crept into the room at Annie's heels, sat down close to the grate, shivering and staring disconsolately into the ashes.

'Is the place far from here?' It was Annie's voice that broke the silence.

'I cannot tell you—on the other side of the valley, I believe.' And again there was a pause.

This time the Principessa spoke.

'How is your mother? Did the waters of Lancegno benefit her?'

'Yes, I think so. Are you sure that it is on the other side of the valley?'

'He told me so. It is strange that I should never have seen your mother. Of course I shall never see her now. She cannot be like you.'

'Perhaps not.'

The candle was still flickering on the table, though it was no longer wanted. Annie blew it out. Both she and the Principessa still spoke from time to time, but the remarks were getting fewer, and the pauses longer. It was becoming more difficult not to think. The stupor which Annie had brought with her from that room upstairs began to give way to the first stages of restlessness. Each of these women knew perfectly why the other was sitting here and what she was waiting for, and yet they even avoided each other's eyes. There was one spot on the wall

to which their glances were ever returning—it was the place where hung the water-colour portrait of the black-eyed lad; but they looked towards it furtively, and in fear of each other, each waiting until the other's eyes were turned away, in order to look again, and even the old woman reddening when she thought herself discovered.

But this was only at first. After a time the Principessa began to lose sight of Annie's presence, and returned to her beads. Annie sat and watched her, and wished that she too had something wherewith to busy her fingers. Thus the minutes trailed into an hour. Annie wondered for how many more hours they would sit thus, and in what shape the end would come. Who would bring the Principessa the news? Would it be Giacomo, or the small goat-herd? Would they break it to her gently, or fling it full into her face?

The second hour had begun when Giacomo brought in two cups of coffee. It had been a private inspiration of his own, and both the Principessa and Annie blessed him in their hearts, not because of the coffee, but because of the interruption. Annie found that she could swallow only a mouthful, but the Principessa emptied her cup, and as she put it down again she straightened herself a little in her chair, as though the hot stuff had brought her a momentary strength.

'It is wrong to despair,' she said abruptly, and Annie could see that a faint tinge of colour had come to her face. 'God is merciful. He is not gone to a certain death. These duels often end without a wound on either side.'

She looked across at Annie intently, imploringly, as though seeking for a reflection of her own hope upon that other face. But Annie could only blankly return the gaze. Knowing what she knew, the mother's hopefulness stabbed her to the heart. Meeting her eyes, the Principessa seemed to grow uneasy.

'God is merciful,' she said once again, but more faintly this time. Then she sank into her former position. The flicker had gone out. More and more quickly the beads began to pass between the icy fingers to which the *calderino* had not been able to bring a shade of warmth.

The waiting began again. By this time the silence was no longer unbearable. The attempt to disguise the situation had been given up long ago. Gyps, still staring at the ashes, began to whimper under his breath. He, too, seemed to be waiting for something.

'I could kill that dog!' said the Principessa fiercely, raising her head for one moment. 'I beseech of you to turn him out.'

Annie rose from her chair and did as she was bid, without interrupting the course of her thoughts. All along she had been busied with torturing her mind for the possibility of a hope. Ever and ever again she went over the matter. Three shots, he had said, and fifteen paces distance, and if the two first shots missed they would walk up to the barrier. She wondered what the barrier would be like—where they would take the materials from to erect it. Had she known that the 'barrier' was no more than a line marked upon the ground by the seconds, she would, probably, for some indefinite reason, have felt an increase of despair. It was no use telling herself that a duel was only a lingering remnant of mediæval absurdities—that in a hundred years a far more rational code of honour would be established, even in Austria; it could not matter to her what might be in a hundred years, or even what might be to-morrow; it was with to-day alone that she had to reckon—with this day and with this hour that was. The oftener she passed the circumstances in review, the more impossible did it seem to her that both should escape. It was signed and sealed that one must be a dead man, and the other a murderer. Her eyes wandered to the two white urns upon the chimney-piece. She knew that the right-hand one contained the customary printed announcements of the betrothals in the Roccатели family during the last half-century, and that the left-hand one contained the announcements of the deaths. If everything had gone smoothly, then a new printed paper would have been laid into the right-hand urn; but now it was more likely that the paper would be black-bordered, and would be put into the left-hand urn. What was it that she had been unhappy about only a few days ago? Because of that understanding between her father and the Principessa? To what absolute unimportance all those small excitements had shrunk beside the naked truths of Life and Death!

When the third hour began Annie again got up from her chair, and looked out of each of the windows in turn. The Principessa had not spoken since she had told her to turn out the dog. Beside the third window stood the harmonium. Annie sat down and passed her fingers over the keys. Perhaps they would do as well as the rosary. But having played only a few chords, she broke off with a sense of annoyance. Without thinking of what she had been doing, she had stumbled into

the standard piece of Miss Bellew's establishment—Beethoven's 'Funeral March.' She did not want to play that just now. For want of something else she began to play scales, completely out of tune. She had not played more than two when, hearing a sound, she looked round and saw the Principessa already at the door, walking stealthily, as though to escape notice.

'Do not stop me,' she said, as Annie rose quickly. 'I cannot any longer live in this room. It is two hours now—more than two hours. It is time. I am going to meet him. Do not stop me.' And she looked at Annie with defiance in her haggard eyes.

'I am going with you,' said Annie, and followed her from the room.

As they stepped out of the gate together the Principessa stood still and looked about her without a word, but with an irrepressible astonishment printed upon her features. Standing there in the open daylight, with her disordered white hair uncovered and her wild black eyes passing swiftly from side to side, she looked as though she belonged to some world different from this one. For a full minute she stood lost in the first trance of astonishment, then, leaning upon Annie's arm, began to descend the rocky path.

'This is the right road, is it not?' she said after a time. 'I have not been upon it for twenty-one years, you know. You must lead me. To-day I have broken my vow, but God will forgive me.'

What with the roughness of the path and the Principessa's thin shoes, which had never been designed for anything more rugged than the floor of a room, their progress was slow. But she would make no halt, although obviously the unwonted motion was exhausting her terribly. At almost every step she looked about her in amazement. Every turn of the road awoke some long-buried reminiscence.

'There used to be a group of shrubs here,' she began after a silence. 'Where can they have gone to? Surely it is not possible that they have grown into those trees I see there? What am I talking of? Of course it is possible. That was twenty-one years ago.'

'But where can that magnificent chestnut have gone to?' she broke out again presently. 'It used to stand at this corner, and it made me a green tent for sitting under on summer afternoons. It is gone, I do believe. Ah, well, it was old; it had to make

way for the young ones. I, too, am old. May I lean more heavily on your arm, Annetta? My feet grow feeble. The road itself is not the same as it used to be. I believe that even rocks have fallen from their places. It all has a strange face to me.'

It was only when at length they emerged on to the river-bed that the Principessa stood still for some moments. This was the first full view that they had had of the valley, and for the first time, too, Annie became aware that snow had fallen in the past night. The valley itself was still untouched, but every hill around wore a crown of snow, which the morning sun made dazzling. Down there it was still glowing autumn, but up above it was winter already—a new-born, spotless winter which had taken even the swallows by surprise before their travelling arrangements were completed. Everywhere—upon the rocks and among the tree-branches—excited feathered companies were to be met with, of which not one was sitting still, and of which all were in a fever of impatience to be off southwards.

The Principessa looked only at one thing. In the moment that she stood still her eyes had fixed themselves upon a large square of white which shone across the valley, almost as plainly as the snow above.

'So that is it?' she said, sharply. 'That much-talked-of Curhaus, that accursed roof under which it has all happened. I do not want to look at it any more; come on, I beg you.'

The sound of church-bells floated across to them from the other side.

'What are they ringing for?' she asked, impatiently. 'What day is this? Ah, truly, is not this the feast of the Nativity? I had well-nigh forgotten it. The people are going to Mass. I have always heard that a feast is a day of joy, but I believe it is not true.'

Her eyes had long ago sought the distant road, and while she talked she scanned the uncertain line unceasingly. There was nothing moving upon it, for by this time all those who could leave their homes were within the church walls.

Beside the small, half-buried chapel the Principessa halted again. She contemplated the picture within for some time in perplexed silence.

'Is this indeed my old friend, Saint Sebastian? It seems to be his face, but the stones had only reached to his knees when I knew him, now he stands up to his neck. This is terrible. I always said that river was a monster. But I believe he will hear

me, since his ears are free.' And, letting go her hold of Annie's arm, she knelt down upon the stones in front of the chapel.

Never had Annie envied anyone as she envied the Principessa while she watched her now. To pray must be an infinite relief, but she knew that the effort would be useless; there was no room in her soul for anything but suspense.

After a very few minutes she saw that the Principessa was sinking forward against the stone. Having prevailed upon her to rise from her knees, Annie led her towards the house close by.

The woman, dressed in her Sunday clothes, was sitting upon the one chair of the apartment with her child at her breast. He could not well wait for his breakfast until she was back from church. As the Principessa, leaning upon Annie's arm, stumbled across the threshold, she rose in wide-eyed astonishment. Could this be true? The Principessa, the real, bodily Principessa, outside the walls of the Monastero, and under her own humble roof? If Saint Sebastian had scrambled out of his stony tomb outside and walked straight into her house, bristling with all his arrows, it would not have astonished her more completely than this. She broke into respectfully welcoming words and smiles, hastily dusting the chair the while, in utter disregard of her best apron. The Principessa sank on it without a word of thanks. Her hands trembled, and she was breathless.

'It is a terrible thing to grow old,' she grumbled between her teeth.

The woman talked on for some minutes, giving vent to her delight, then suddenly she broke off. She had discovered that neither of the ladies seemed to be aware of her presence. She looked from one face to the other, and began to understand that something was happening, of which she knew nothing. The *bambino* set up a howl. Snatching him up again, she retreated into a corner of the room and sat down with him upon the floor. The room became quite still again; outside the rabbits were hopping and scampering upon the wooden floor. The last tones of the church-bells died away in the air. Annie leant against the window-frame. Her head was aching unbearably. She began to wish madly for an ending—any sort of ending—to this agony. The Principessa was still struggling with physical faintness. From out of the shadowy corner behind the bed the wide eyes of the *bambino's* mother watched her in awe-struck curiosity. After a time there was a long breath drawn, and, rising from the ground,

the woman laid the child in its cradle and slipped quietly from the room.

It was not many minutes later that the door opened again and Luigi, white as death, walked straight up to his mother. Kneeling down at her feet, he laid his head upon her knees and burst into a passion of tears.

The sun had not yet quite risen when Signor Molinetti and Herr Plenn met at the door of the room occupied by Lieutenant Bernegg. There had been some slight difficulty in securing seconds for both sides, owing to the fact that Prince Roccatelli and his comrade were the only officers staying at Lancegno, while for a man not wearing uniform these matters are apt to be attended by certain inconveniences. A day's delay had thus been entailed. It was Signor Molinetti and Herr Plenn who had consented to act for Bernegg: the former readily, seeing that some excitement was promised, the latter not quite so readily. The conditions of this duel did not suit the peaceable spirit of the Bajazzo, and, but for Signor Molinetti, it is probable that he would have retired at the last moment. The spot that had been fixed upon was at some distance from the Curhaus, in a valley through which no road passed. The pistols were to be supplied by Prince Roccatelli's seconds.

It was Signor Molinetti, of course, who undertook to knock at the door. There was no immediate response, but both the seconds had been more than punctual, so neither was there any especial reason for hurry. They took a turn up the passage together, then came back and stood waiting before the door. Signor Molinetti knocked again and lent a listening ear, but nothing moved inside. A slight surprise began to appear upon both faces.

'He cannot be asleep, surely,' said Herr Plenn in wonder.

'Or else have run away,' suggested the other, with a shadow of a grin. It was to-day the old gentleman who seemed inclined to make jokes, rather than the professional Bajazzo.

He pulled out his watch and looked at it; there was not very much time to be lost now. He knocked again, more vigorously, in disregard of the slumbers of other patients right and left, but still without response.

'This will not do,' he said, decisively. 'We cannot be late.' Whereupon he took upon himself to turn the handle of the door. He found that it was not locked, and resolutely walked in.

Within the same minute Herr Plenn, who was waiting in the passage, heard a piercing shriek and ran into the room. Signor Molinetti was standing beside the bed, not able to speak, but waving his arms in pantomimic gestures and making the most frightful grimaces.

Bernegg was not asleep, nor had he run away, but he was lying dead in his bed with his hands clenched conclusively upon his breast.

‘I knew that he would die of heart-disease,’ was Doctor Wagner’s remark at the close of the inquest, ‘but he need not have died quite so soon as this. Mental excitement and iron baths were the two things which I told him to avoid. He doesn’t seem to have avoided either, and he has had to pay the penalty.’

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SECOND BALL AT FARRINGTON.

It was April, and again the stately apartments of Farringdon Hall were alive with music and lights. The second ball given by Mr. Brand under his own roof was very magnificent, though scarcely more magnificent than the first had been, just one year ago. To an ignorant eye the scene presented was much the same, but there were no ignorant eyes here to-night. Nobody had slept at the village inn this time, and there was no danger of any ill-natured insinuations being circulated with regard to the source from which the guests had been supplied. Everybody present not only knew everybody else personally and intimately, but could also have stood an examination upon the pedigree of each of his fellow-guests.

Mr. Brand, in a new evening coat and new gold studs, was too happy to speak much, but moved incessantly from room to room, treading as heavily as though he were tramping the high-road, and yet believing himself to be walking upon clouds. The evening was to him an ever-repeated peregrination. In the first drawing-room there was Sir George Claverstone to be seen, talking to Miss Nelton, and trying the while to look as though it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be there. In the billiard-room the Honourable Mr. Paton was

advising a neighbour as to the purchase of a hunter; in the supper-room, a big man with white eyelashes, whom Mr. Brand understood to be distantly related to a duke, was handing an ice to the fair-haired Jenny Linwood, while in the dancing-room, hard by, various ladies and gentlemen with most satisfactory-sounding names were revolving to the sound of a splendidly executed waltz. But this was not all. In the boudoir beyond the dancing-room there was the best thing of all to be seen—viz. the pink-faced Lord Collingswood exchanging reminiscences with an old lady in grey satin and with shining silver curls.

Over each of the ever-shifting pictures Mr. Brand would gloat in turn, unable to refrain at moments from rubbing his huge hands together, or from grinning vaguely at one or the other of his guests in the overflowing fulness of his heart, for his joy was just as vigorous and coarse-grained as any other of his qualities. From time to time there came a pause, when, leaning his broad back against the wall, he did nothing but stare. It was the fulfilment of his dream that he was staring at, of the dream which had been dreamed by the ragged boy who forty years ago had lain in watch beside the big gate in order to see 'the Squire's' carriage pass out. 'I said that I'd do it, and I've done it,' he sometimes muttered audibly. Presently, rousing himself, he would make his way back to the boudoir in order to assure himself once more that Lord Collingswood had really not escaped in the meantime. A passing glance at Polly's diamonds served as refreshment *en route*.

It had not been without a final struggle that the county had succumbed. The fact that the self-made man's daughter was about to marry a foreign prince had still left Blankshire society almost unshaken. It had required the appearance of the bridegroom's mother to strike the final blow. Some of the ultra-Conservatives had even then declared that they were not going to capitulate, but from the moment that Lord Collingswood, to his mingled delight and consternation, had discovered in the Principessa an old acquaintance for whom his heart had beat somewhat stormily in the far-distant days in which he had been attached to the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, the battle was virtually gained. In utter ignorance of what was coming, the former *attaché* had received a note ordering him to call immediately at Farrington. He had gone in perplexity, and had returned two hours later 'all of a heap,' as the sarcastic Major Morris put it. The old charm, so long forgotten, had proved too much for him, in spite of her white hairs and his own.

Once the leader had struck his colours there was no more resistance worth speaking of. After all, this past year had shown that the total elimination of Farrington left rather a large blank in the county. The first horror of seeing the place in the hands of a *nouveau riche* had had time to wear off, and it was just possible, too, that the first keenness of the grief with which the late possessor had been mourned had begun to do the same. For the elder people it was tantalising to hear of the great improvements in the once so familiar house, without being able to judge of them personally, while the young ones could not help being moved by reports of the new and splendid tennis-grounds which seemed eminently suited for the giving of garden parties, for the county was not so rich in opportunities of gaiety as to let such things appear of small consequence. Mr. Brand did not know it, but in reality the Chinese wall, though still bearing so proud a front, had been tottering just a very little ever since that first ball, which in the bitterness of his disappointment he had dubbed a complete failure. In their heart of hearts many of the guests who were enjoying themselves at the millionaire's cost to-night secretly blessed Lord Collingswood for having given them the lead over this formidable fence. It had lately become the fashion to remember other instances in which self-made men had been received into society, without anything very terrible happening in consequence. Even in the ball-room to-night such histories were being exchanged at suitable moments, by way of mutual encouragement, and for the dispersing of any remains of social scruples which might still be disturbing some ultra-sensitive mind.

'I assure you that my brother-in-law actually got quite fond of him,' Mrs. Linwood was saying to Mrs. Haldane, in allusion to a retired shirtmaker who once upon a time had made his way *à la* Mr. Brand.

'Strange things do certainly happen,' was Mrs. Haldane's remark. 'Now, I never could have believed that I should live to see these rooms done up with damask hangings. There is no denying that they *do* look quite different from what they used to, and you can't call anything in bad taste, either. I always said that the place only needed money. These big houses become absurd if they are not lived in by rich people.'

'It's a pity he's so clumsy,' said Mrs. Linwood, watching Mr. Brand through her eyeglass. 'But at least he has an honest face. In one sense he might almost be called a fine man.'

'Well, at any rate, he must possess a most uncommon strength of will and energy.'

'More, certainly, than poor Fred Alleyne ever had. I wonder, by-the-by, if he is still alive?'

'Hardly, unless the Australian climate has worked wonders. After all, it would only be a deliverance for him and for his friends too. I don't believe that he ever would have come to any good.'

'Neither do I,' said Mrs. Linwood.

At the other side of the room Lady Malvern, who had boldly sat down beside her hostess, could not detach her eyes from the face of the Principessa.

'That is the nose which I *ought* to have had,' she confided to Mrs. Brand; 'the nose which I probably should have had, if that moon-struck great-grandfather of mine had not lost his heart to a snub-nosed creature! The sight of that face over there brings home to me all the more cruelly what it is that I have lost. But for that piece of folly I could have rivalled her easily, while, as matters stand, I cannot even show myself beside her. Fancy losing one's heart to a snub!'

Mrs. Brand could only smile faintly in response, and attempt to shield her own poor little nose behind her fan, painfully aware that it belonged unmistakably to the order which was being held up for execration—a circumstance which, to do her justice, Lady Malvern had, in the heat of her righteous indignation, completely overlooked.

Many other eyes besides those of Lady Malvern were turned in the direction of the Principessa, for although the bride in her wedding-dress was very good to look at, there was no denying that she shared the honours of the evening with her white-haired, black-eyed mother-in-law. There was no one present who could quite resist the brilliancy of the Italian smile and the grace of the Southern address, and yet not one of the guests knew that this bewitching old woman who had undertaken the duties of hostess for to-night was no longer quite what she had been but a few months ago. The white curls were faultlessly ordered, and the dress far more costly than any she had worn for years, but there were lines in the beautiful face which had not been there before that day of last September on which the first snow of the winter had fallen. At stray moments, not otherwise occupied, there would pass over her face the look of a person who has seen a ghost and who has never quite recovered from the fright.

She had consented to come to England for the wedding and the festivities that were to follow, but from the first she had made her return to the Monastery a condition to this consent.

'My friend, I know very well that you would like to keep me here,' she had said to Mr. Brand; 'and what you would like best of all would probably be to put me in a golden cage, and place a board above it on which it is distinctly to be read that here a live Italian princess is to be seen. You are right from your point of view, but it will not do. These things are no longer for me. I have grown too unused to sleep in such well-made beds as yours are, and I believe that I should no longer be able to digest such nourishing food. I need my grey prison in the hills. Let me go, and I swear that I shall visit you once every year in order to freshen up your prestige, in case it should require it; but I do not believe that it will, for these English do not do things by halves.'

And Mr. Brand had consented to let her go, half in disappointment and half in relief, almost suspecting himself of the weakness of once more erecting that altar which upon a certain day of the past autumn he had in the heat of his indignation been strong enough to overturn.

'They say it was a *mariage de convenance*,' somebody in the supper-room remarked.

'Probably they say right,' decided the thin, brown major. 'Nothing, at any rate, could be more convenient to both parties.'

'And yet they look as if they were very fond of each other,' sighed Ada Nelton softly, as she gazed across the room.

'And she looks quite nice,' admitted the fair-haired Jenny Linwood.

'There is no use in denying that the wonders worked by education are extraordinary,' began Mr. Haldane, clearing his throat for an address, and beginning to bring his white eyelashes into motion. Fortunately for the company, Jenny Linwood came to the rescue.

'There is a great deal too much said about the vulgarity of self-made men,' she decided. 'They are not nearly so bad, after all—when one has got over the first unpleasantness.'

'Perhaps you think it a pity that Mr. Brand has not got a son instead of a daughter,' the major remarked in a sardonic aside, upon which Miss Linwood tossed her fair head and gave him a withering glance.

But Mr. Haldane was not yet discouraged.

'It is impossible to refuse our tribute to the results of honest labour,' he began once more, 'just as it is impossible to avoid reflecting upon the folly of spendthrifts.'

Ada Nelton sighed softly. In her secret heart there still existed a tolerably soft place for the spendthrift in question, although fortunately her mind was far too well regulated to permit of her imagining that her heart was broken. Since it could not be Freddy, it would probably have to be somebody else. Her mother was almost certain to find something suitable; and, to judge from the look of that couple over there, there was no reason why an arranged marriage should not turn out quite ideally.

To those who had known Luigi before the last 8th of September, there was a change in him also, almost as great as the change in his mother. His brows had grown graver, and something of the boyish eagerness was gone, never to return. He was as perfectly happy as a man can be, but he had entered upon his happiness with far less of headlong impetuosity than he himself would have thought possible. There are some things which, when once seen near, leave their mark for ever, and these things generally mean the ending of the first stage of youth, as well as of many of its follies, but also of some of its delights.

As the Principessa had foreseen, it was Luigi's intention to continue in the Austrian army. He had made a solemn promise to his young wife not to begin reforming the world on a large scale until ten more years should have passed. In the meantime he meant to see what could be done 'close at hand,' as Annie put it.

She looked radiant in her wedding-dress to-night, but scarcely quite so radiant as her father in those ecstatic moments in which he would clap his son-in-law on the shoulder and, in the hearing of all bystanders, apostrophise him as 'Luigi, my boy!' For him there was no cloud upon the joy of to-night, while for her there existed one slight misgiving, from which since the day of her betrothal she had never been quite free, and which an incident of this evening had stirred into new life. She knew that the evening post had brought to the Principessa a letter—that was the whole of the incident—and the postmark told her that it was from Rome. They had not been alone together since, but Annie could not quite suppress a sense of uneasy curiosity.

Late in the evening she went to the dressing-room to have her lace put to rights. The Principessa was there, settling her curls before the mirror, and at the same time keeping up an animated conversation with three other ladies.

'Come into the passage,' she said to Annie, as she passed out. 'I must speak to you.'

When they were alone in the passage she turned to her daughter-in-law.

'I had a letter from Rome to-day.'

'Yes, I know. Was it from Teresina?'

'No, but it was about her. I can only tell you the matter quite shortly now. You know that lately I have revived correspondence with several of my Roman acquaintances. It seemed the only way of keeping Teresina within sight. But nobody could tell me more than that she was not with her family, and that the Contessa Ardilio was likewise not in Rome. Well, quite lately one of my correspondents learnt by chance that the Contessa Ardilio had rented a cottage far out on the Campagna. She went to visit her, and took luncheon with her. There was another person in the house—a small, quiet, yellow person, with black eyes, who looked middle-aged, and with a cap on her head, for her hair was shaved—and to whom the Contessa spoke as though she were a child, and who gave the answers that a child might have given. My friend tells me that she never once smiled, but sat quite still, looking in front of her, like a person who is trying to remember something.'

Annie stared with wide, horror-stricken eyes.

'Teresina?' she said below her breath.

The Principessa nodded.

'I had heard before that she would never quite get over the brain fever. Do you remember my telling you that her nerves would not survive the blow? If Luigi had been shot it would have been otherwise. Poor Mella! It is indeed a change for her! Her "white dove" is still as black as a raven, but her "gentle lamb" has really become gentle now, and really is a lamb. I was waiting to hear that she was dead, but this does almost as well. Do not tell me that you are crying, foolish child?'

Annie knew that it was foolish. 'She would rather see him dead than belonging to another woman.' She could never forget that the Principessa had said these words. It was the thoughts awakened by them that had been the one spot upon her happiness. So long as Teresina was alive and in possession of all her powers, would she ever be able to feel that Luigi belonged entirely to herself? This news was a deliverance, and yet, despite all logic, the tears would not let themselves be immediately suppressed.

'After all, she was fond of him too,' she managed to whisper.

'Yes, she was fond of him, and, now that I know her to be harmless, I can forgive her even for this. They are looking for us, Annetta; we must go back again to them.'

And the two Principessas—the old one and the young one—together re-entered the ball-room, just as, for the fiftieth time in the course of that evening, Mr. Brand was repeating to himself:

'I said I'd do it, and I've done it!'

THE END.

*Nature and Eternity.*¹

THE goldfinches sing so sweetly hidden in the topmost boughs of the apple-trees that heart of man cannot withstand them. These four walls, though never so well decorated with pictures, this flat white ceiling, feels all too small, and dull and tame. Down with books and pen, and let us away with the goldfinches, the princes of the birds. For thirty of their generations they have sung and courted and built their nests in those apple-trees, almost under the very windows—a time in their chronology equal to a thousand years. For they are so very busy, from earliest morn till night—a long summer's day is like a year. Now flirting with a gaily-decked and coy lady-love, chasing her from tree to tree; now splashing at the edge of 'a shallow stream till the golden feathers glisten and the red topknot shines. Then searching in and out the hedgerow for favourite seeds, and singing, singing all the while, verily a 'song without an end.' The wings never still, the bill never idle, the throat never silent, and the tiny heart within the proud breast beating so rapidly that, reckoning time by change and variety, an hour must be a day. A life all joy and freedom, without thought, and full of love. What a great god the sun must be to the finches from whose wings his beams are reflected in glittering gold! The abstract idea of a deity apart, as they feel their life-blood stirring, their eyelids opening, with the rising sun; as they fly to satisfy their hunger with those little fruits they use; as they revel in the warm sunshine, and utter soft notes of love to their beautiful mates, they cannot but feel a sense, unnamed, indefinite, of joyous gratitude towards that great orb which is very nearly akin to the sensual worship of ancient days. Darkness and cold are Typhon and Ahriman, light and warmth, Osiris and Ormuzd, indeed to them; with song they welcome the spring and celebrate the awakening of Adonis. Lovely little idolaters, my heart goes with them. Deep down in the mysteries

¹ [There is no title on the MS. of this paper, and probably Jefferies himself found it difficult to label. For lack of a better name I have called it 'Nature and Eternity.' It is much in the vein of 'The Story of My Heart.'—Ed.]

of organic life there are causes for the marvellously extended grasp which the worship of light once held upon the world, hardly yet guessed at, and which even now play a part unsuspected in the motives of men. Even yet, despite our artificial life, despite railroads, telegraphs, printing-press, in the face of firm monotheistic convictions, once a year the old, old influence breaks forth, driving thousands and thousands from cities and houses out into field and forest, to the seashore and mountain-top, to gather fresh health and strength from the Sun, from the Air—Jove—and old Ocean. So the goldfinches rejoice in the sunshine, and who can sit within doors when they sing?

Foolish fashion has banished the orchard from the mansion—the orchard which Homer tells us kings once valued as part of their demesne—and has substituted curious evergreens to which the birds do not take readily. But this orchard is almost under the windows, and in summer the finches wake the sleeper with their song, and in autumn the eye looks down upon the yellow and rosy fruit. Up the scaling bark of the trunks the brown tree-climbers run, peering into every cranny, and few are the insects which escape those keen eyes. Sitting on a bench under a pear-tree, I saw a spider drop from a leaf fully nine feet above the ground, and disappear in the grass, leaving a slender rope of web, attached at the upper end to a leaf, and at the lower to a fallen pear. In a few minutes a small white caterpillar, barely an inch long, began to climb this rope. It grasped the thread in the mouth and drew up its body about a sixteenth of an inch at a time, then held tight with the two fore-feet, and, lifting its head, seized the rope a sixteenth higher; repeating this operation incessantly, the rest of the body swinging in the air. Never pausing, without haste and without rest, this creature patiently worked its way upwards, as a man might up a rope. Let any one seize a beam overhead and attempt to lift the chest up to a level with it, the expenditure of strength is very great; even with long practice, to 'swarm' up a pole or rope to any distance is the hardest labour the human muscles are capable of. This despised 'creeping thing,' without the slightest apparent effort, without once pausing to take breath, reached the leaf overhead in rather under half-an-hour, having climbed a rope fully 108 times its own length. To equal this a man must climb 648 feet, or more than half as high again as St. Paul's. The insect on reaching the top at once commenced feeding, and easily bit through the hard pear-leaf: how delicately then it must have grasped the slender spider's web, which a touch

would destroy! The thoughts which this feat call forth do not end here, for there was no necessity to go up the thread; the insect could to all appearance have travelled up the trunk of the tree with ease, and it is not to be supposed that its mouth and feet were specially adapted to climb a web, a thing which I have never seen done since, and which was to all appearance merely the result of the *accident* of the insect coming along just after the spider had left the thread. Another few minutes, and the first puff of wind would have carried the thread away—as a puff actually did soon afterwards. I claim a wonderful amount of *original* intelligence—as opposed to the ill-used term *instinct*—of patience and perseverance for this creature. It is so easy to imagine that because man is big, brain power cannot exist in tiny organisations; but even in man the seat of thought is so minute that it escapes discovery, and his very life may be said to lie in the point of contact of two bones of the neck. Put the mind of man within the body of the caterpillar—what more could it have done? Accustomed to bite and eat its way through hard leaves, why did not the insect snip off and destroy its rope? These are matters to think over dreamily while the finches sing overhead in the apple-tree.

They are not the only regular inhabitants, still less the only visitors. As there are wide plains even in thickly populated England where man has built no populous city, so in bird-life there are fields and woods almost deserted by the songsters, who at the same time congregate thickly in a few favourite resorts, where experience gathered in slow time has shown them they need fear nothing from human beings. Such a place, such a city of the birds and beasts, is this old orchard. The bold and handsome bullfinch builds in the low hawthorn hedge which bounds it upon one side. In the walls of the arbour formed of thick ivy and flowering creepers, the robin and thrush hide their nests. On the topmost branches of the tall pear-trees the swallows rest and twitter. The noble blackbird, with full black eye, pecks at the decaying apples upon the sward, and takes no heed of a footstep. Sometimes the loving pair of squirrels who dwell in the fir copse at the end of the meadow find their way down the hedges—staying at each tree as an inn by the road—into the orchard, and play their fantastic tricks upon the apple-boughs. The flycatchers perch on a branch clear from the tree, and dart at the passing flies. Merriest of all, the tomtits chatter and scold, hanging under the twigs, head downwards, and then away to their nest in

the crumbling stone wall which encloses one side of the orchard. They have worked their way by a cranny deep into the thick wall. On the other side runs the king's highway, and ever and anon the teams go by, making music with their bells. One day a whole nation of martins savagely attacked this wall. Pressure of population probably had compelled them to emigrate from the sand quarry, and the chinks in the wall pleased their eyes. Five-and-thirty brown little birds went to work like miners at twelve or fourteen holes, tapping at the mortar with their bills, scratching out small fragments of stone, twittering and talking all the time, and there undoubtedly they would have founded a colony had not the jingling teams and now and then a barking dog disturbed them. Resting on the bench and leaning back against an apple-tree, it is easy to watch the eager starlings on the chimney-top, and see them tear out the straw of the thatch to form their holes. They are all orators born. They live in a democracy, and fluency of speech leads the populace. Perched on the edge of the chimney, his bronze-tinted wings flapping against his side to give greater emphasis—as a preacher moves his hands—the starling pours forth a flood of eloquence, now rising to screaming-pitch, now modulating his tones to soft persuasion, now descending to deep, low, complaining, regretful sounds—a speech without words—addressed to a dozen birds gravely listening on the ash-tree yonder. He is begging them to come with him to a meadow where food is abundant. In the ivy close under the window there, within reach of the hand, a water-wagtail built its nest. To this nest one lovely afternoon came a great bird like a hawk, to the fearful alarm and intense excitement of all the bird population. It was a cuckoo, and after three or four visits, despite a curious eye at the window, there was a strange egg in that nest. Inside that window, huddled fearfully in the darkest corner of the room, there was once a tiny heap of blue and yellow feathers. A tomtit straying through the casement had been chased by the cat till it dropped exhausted, and the cat was fortunately frightened by a footstep. The bird was all but dead—the feathers awry and ruffled, the eyelids closed, the body limp and helpless—only a faint fluttering of the tiny heart. When placed tenderly on the ledge of the casement, where the warm sunshine fell and the breeze came softly, it dropped listlessly on one side. But in a little while the life-giving rays quickened the blood, the eyelids opened, and presently it could stand perched upon the finger. Then, lest with returning consciousness fear should again arise, the clinging

claws were transferred from the finger to a twig of wall-pear. A few minutes more, and with a chirp the bird was gone into the flood of sunlight. What intense joy there must have been in that little creature's heart as it drank the sweet air and felt the loving warmth of its great god Ra, the Sun!

Throwing open the little wicket-gate, by a step the green sward of the meadow is reached. Though the grass has been mown and the ground is dry, it is better to carry a thick rug, and cast it down in the shadow under the tall horsechestnut-tree. It is only while in a dreamy, slumbrous, half-mesmerised state that nature's ancient papyrus roll can be read—only when the mind is at rest, separated from care and labour; when the body is at ease, luxuriating in warmth and delicious languor; when the soul is in accord and sympathy with the sunlight, with the leaf, with the slender blades of grass, and can feel with the tiniest insect which climbs up them as up a mighty tree. As the genius of the great musicians, without an articulated word or printed letter, can carry with it all the emotions, so now, lying prone upon the earth in the shadow, with quiescent will, listening, thoughts and feelings rise respondent to the sunbeams, to the leaf, the very blade of grass. Resting the head upon the hand, gazing down upon the ground, the strange and marvellous inner sight of the mind penetrates the solid earth, grasps in part the mystery of its vast extension upon either side, bearing its majestic mountains, its deep forests, its grand oceans, and almost feels the life which in ten thousand thousand forms revels upon its surface. Returning upon itself, the mind joys in the knowledge that it too is a part of this wonder—akin to the ten thousand thousand creatures, akin to the very earth itself. How grand and holy is this life! how sacred the temple which contains it!

Out from the hedge, not five yards distant, pours a rush of deep luscious notes, succeeded by the sweetest trills heard by man. It is the nightingale, which tradition assigns to the night only, but which in fact sings as loudly, and to my ear more joyously, in the full sunlight, especially in the morning, and always close to the nest. The sun has moved onward upon his journey, and this spot is no longer completely shaded, but the foliage of a great oak breaks the force of his rays, and the eye can even bear to gaze at his disc for a few moments. Living for this brief hour at least in unalloyed sympathy with nature, apart from all disturbing influences, the sight of that splendid disc carries the soul with it till it feels as eternal as the sun. Let the memory call up a

picture of the desert sands of Egypt—upon the kings with the double crown, upon Rameses, upon Sesostris, upon Assurbanipal the burning beams of this very sun descended, filling their veins with tumultuous life, three thousand years ago. Lifted up in absorbing thought, the mind feels that these three thousand years are in truth no longer past than the last beat of the pulse. It throbbed—the throb is gone; their pulse throbbed, and it seems but a moment since, for to thought, as to the sun, there is no time. This little petty life of seventy years, with its little petty aims and hopes, its despicable fears and contemptible sorrows, is no more the life with which the mind is occupied. This golden disc has risen and set, as the graven marks of man alone record, full eight thousand years. The hieroglyphs of the rocks speak of a fiery sun shining inconceivable ages before that. Yet even this almost immortal sun had a beginning—perhaps emerging as a ball of incandescent gas from chaos: how long ago was that? And onwards, still onwards goes the disc, doubtless for ages and ages to come. It is time that our measures should be extended; these paltry divisions of hours and days and years—aye, of centuries—should be superseded by terms conveying some faint idea at least of the vastness of space. For in truth, when thinking thus, there is no *time* at all. The mind loses the sense of time and reposes in eternity. This hour, this instant is eternity; it extends backwards, it extends forwards, and we are in it.¹ It is a grand and an ennobling feeling to know that at this moment illimitable time extends on either hand. No conception of a supernatural character formed in the brain has ever or will ever surpass the mystery of this endless existence as exemplified—as made manifest by the physical sun—a visible sign of immortality. This—this hour is part of the immortal life. Reclining upon this rug under the chestnut-tree, while the graceful shadows dance, a passing bee hums and the nightingale sings, while the oak foliage sprinkles the sunshine over us, we are really and in truth in the midst of eternity. Only by walking hand in hand with nature, only by a reverent and loving study of the mysteries for ever around us, is it possible to disabuse the mind of the narrow view, the contracted belief that time is now and eternity to-morrow. Eternity is to-day. The goldfinches and the tiny caterpillars, the brilliant sun, if looked at lovingly and thoughtfully, will lift the soul out of the smaller life of human care that is of selfish aims,

¹ [Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal Now does always last. Cowley.—ED.]

bounded by seventy years, into the greater, the limitless life which has been going on over universal space from endless ages past, which is going on now, and which will for ever and for ever, in one form or another, continue to proceed.

Dreamily listening to the nightingale's song, let us look down upon the earth as the sun looks down upon it. In this meadow how many millions of blades of grass are there, each performing wonderful operations which the cleverest chemist can but poorly indicate, taking up from the earth its sap, from the air its gases, in a word living, living as much as ourselves, though in a lower form? On the oak-tree yonder, how many leaves are doing the same? Just now we felt the vastness of the earth—its extended majesty, bearing mountain, forest, and sea. Not a blade of grass but has its insect, not a leaf; the very air as it softly woos the cheek bears with it living germs, and upon all those mountains, within those forests, and in every drop of those oceans, life in some shape moves and stirs. Nay, the very solid earth itself, the very chalk and clay and stone and rock has been built up by once living organisms. But at this instant, looking down upon the earth as the sun does, how can words depict the glowing wonder, the marvellous beauty of all the plant, the insect, the animal life, which presses upon the mental eye? It is impossible. But with these that are more immediately around us—with the goldfinch, the caterpillar, the nightingale, the blades of grass, the leaves—with these we may feel, into their life we may in part enter, and find our own existence thereby enlarged. Would that it were possible for the heart and mind to enter into *all* the life that glows and teems upon the earth—to feel with it, hope with it, sorrow with it—and thereby to become a grander, nobler being. Such a being, with such a sympathy and larger existence, must hold in scorn the feeble, cowardly, selfish desire for an immortality of pleasure only, whose one great hope is to escape pain! No. Let me joy with all living creatures; let me suffer with them all—the reward of feeling a deeper, grander life would be amply sufficient.

What wonderful patience the creatures called 'lower' exhibit! Watch this small red ant travelling among the grass-blades. To it they are as high as the oak-trees to us, and they are entangled and matted together as a forest overthrown by a tornado. The insect slowly overcomes all the difficulties of its route—now climbing over the creeping roots of the buttercups, now struggling under a fallen leaf, now getting up a bennet, up and down, making

one inch forwards for three vertically, but never pausing, always onwards at racing speed. A shadow sweeps rapidly over the grass—it is that of a rook which has flown between us and the sun. Looking upwards into the deep azure of the sky, intently gazing into space and forgetting for a while the life around and beneath, there comes into the mind an intense desire to rise, to penetrate the height, to become part and parcel of that wondrous infinity which extends overhead as it extends along the surface. The soul full of thought grows concentrated in itself, marvels only at its own destiny, labours to behold the secret of its own existence, and, above all, utters without articulate words a prayer forced from it by the bright sun, by the blue sky, by bird and plant:—Let me have wider feelings, more extended sympathies, let me feel with all living things, rejoice and praise with them. Let me have deeper knowledge, a nearer insight, a more reverent conception. Let me see the mystery of life—the secret of the sap as it rises in the tree—the secret of the blood as it courses through the vein. Reveal the broad earth and the ends of it—make the majestic ocean open to the eye down to its inmost recesses. Expand the mind till it grasps the idea of the unseen forces which hold the globe suspended and draw the vast suns and stars through space. Let it see the life, the organisms which dwell in those great worlds, and feel with them their hopes and joys and sorrows. Ever upwards, onwards, wider, deeper, broader, till capable of all—all. Never did vivid imagination stretch out the powers of deity with such a fulness, with such intellectual grasp, vigour, omniscience as the human mind could reach to, if only its organs, its means, were equal to its thought. Give us, then, greater strength of body, greater length of days; give us more vital energy, let our limbs be mighty as those of the giants of old. Supplement such organs with nobler mechanical engines—with extended means of locomotion; add novel and more minute methods of analysis and discovery. Let us become as demi-gods. And why not? Whoso gave the gift of the mind gave also an infinite space, an infinite matter for it to work upon, an infinite time in which to work. Let no one presume to define the boundaries of that divine gift—that mind—for all the experience of eight thousand years proves beyond a question that the limits of its powers will never be reached, though the human race dwell upon the globe for eternity. Up, then, and labour: and let that labour be sound and holy. Not for immediate and petty reward, not that the appetite or the vanity may be gratified, but that the

sum of human perfection may be advanced ; labouring as consecrated priests, for true science is religion. All is possible. A grand future awaits the world. When man has only partially worked out his own conceptions—when only a portion of what the mind foresees and plans is realised—then already earth will be as a paradise.

Full of love and sympathy for this feeble ant climbing over grass and leaf, for yonder nightingale pouring forth its song, feeling a community with the finches, with bird, with plant, with animal, and reverently studying all these and more—how is it possible for the heart while thus wrapped up to conceive the desire of crime ? For ever anxious and labouring for perfection, shall the soul, convinced of the divinity of its work, halt and turn aside to fall into imperfection ? Lying thus upon the rug under the shadow of the oak and horsechestnut-tree, full of the joy of life—full of the joy which all organisms feel in living alone—lifting the eye far, far above the sphere even of the sun, shall we ever conceive the idea of murder, of violence, of aught that degrades ourselves ? It is impossible while in this frame. So thus reclining, and thus occupied, we require no judge, no prison, no law, no punishment—and, farther, no army, no monarch. At this moment, did neither of these institutions exist our conduct would be the same. Our whole existence at this moment is permeated with a reverent love, an aspiration—a desire of a more perfect life ; if the very name of religion was extinct, our hopes, our wish would be the same. It is but a simple transition to conclude that with more extended knowledge, with wider sympathies, with greater powers—powers more equal to the vague longings of their minds, the human race would be as we are at this moment in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. No need of priest and lawyer ; no need of armies or kings. It is probable that with the progress of knowledge it will be possible to satisfy the necessary wants of existence much more easily than now, and thus to remove one great cause of discord. And all these thoughts because the passing shadow of a rook caused the eye to gaze upwards into the deep azure of the sky. There is no limit, no number to the thoughts which the study of nature may call forth, any more than there is a limit to the number of the rays of the sun.

This blade of grass grows as high as it can, the nightingale there sings as sweetly as it can, the goldfinches feed to their full desire and lay down no arbitrary rules of life ; the great sun above pours out its heat and light in a flood unrestrained. What is

the meaning of this hieroglyph, which is repeated in a thousand thousand other ways and shapes, which meets us at every turn? It is evident that all living creatures, from the zoophyte upwards, plant, reptile, bird, animal, and in his natural state—in his physical frame—man also, strive with all their powers to obtain as perfect an existence as possible. It is the one great law of their being, followed from birth to death. All the efforts of the plant are put forth to obtain more light, more air, more moisture—in a word, more food, upon which to grow, expand, and become more beautiful and perfect. The aim may be unconscious, but the result is evident. It is equally so with the animal—its lowest appetites subserve the one grand object of its advance. Whether it be eating, drinking, sleeping, procreating, all tends to one end, a fuller development of the individual, a higher condition of the species; still farther, to the production of new races capable of additional progress. Part and parcel as we are of the great community of living beings, indissolubly connected with them from the lowest to the highest by a thousand ties, it is impossible for us to escape from the operation of this law; or if by the exertion of the will, and the resources of the intellect, it is partially suspended, then the individual may perhaps pass away unharmed, but the race must suffer. It is rather the province of that inestimable gift, the mind, to aid nature, to smooth away the difficulties, to assist both the physical and mental man to increase his powers and widen his influence. Such efforts have been made from time to time, but unfortunately upon purely empirical principles, by arbitrary interference, without a long previous study of the delicate organisation it was proposed to amend. If there is one thing our latter-day students have demonstrated beyond all reach of cavil, it is that both the physical and the mental man are, as it were, a mass of inherited structures—are built up of partially absorbed rudimentary organs and primitive conceptions, much as the trunks of certain trees are formed by the absorption of the leaves. He is made up of the Past. This is a happy and an inspiring discovery, inasmuch as it holds out a resplendent promise that there may yet come a man of the future made out of our present which will then be the past. It is a discovery which calls upon us for new and larger moral and physical exertion, which throws upon us wider and nobler duties, for upon us depends the future. At one blow this new light casts aside those melancholy convictions which, judging from the evil blood which seemed to stain each new generation alike, had

elevated into a faith the depressing idea that man could not advance. It explains the causes of that stain, the reason of those imperfections, not necessary parts of the ideal man, but inherited from a lower order of life, and to be gradually expunged.

But this marvellous mystery of inheritance has brought with it a series of mental instincts, so to say ; a whole circle of ideas of moral conceptions, in a sense belonging to the Past—ideas which were high and noble in the rudimentary being, which were beyond the capacity of the pure animal, but which are now in great part merely obstructions to advancement. Let these perish. We must seek for enlightenment and for progress, not in the dim failing traditions of a period but just removed from the time of the rudimentary or primeval man—we must no longer allow the hoary age of such traditions to blind the eye and cause the knee to bend—we must no longer stultify the mind by compelling it to receive as infallible what in the very nature of things must have been fallible to the highest degree. The very plants are wiser far. They seek the light of to-day, the heat of the sun which shines at this hour ; they make no attempt to guide their life by the feeble reflection of rays which were extinguished ages ago. This slender blade of grass, beside the edge of our rug under the chestnut-tree, shoots upwards in the fresh air of to-day ; its roots draw nourishment from the moisture of the dew which heaven deposited this morning. If it does make use of the past—of the soil, the earth that has accumulated in centuries—it is to advance its present growth. Root out at once and for ever these primeval, narrow, and contracted ideas ; fix the mind upon the sun of the present, and prepare for the sun that must rise to-morrow. It is our duty to develop both mind and body and soul to the utmost : as it is the duty of this blade of grass and this oak-tree to grow and expand as far as their powers will admit. But the blade of grass and the oak have this great disadvantage to work against—they can only labour in the lines laid down for them, and unconsciously ; while man can think, foresee, and plan. The greatest obstacle to progress is the lack now beginning to be felt all over the world, but more especially in the countries most highly civilised, of a true ideal to work up to. It is necessary that some far-seeing master-mind, some giant intellect, should arise, and sketch out in bold, unmistakable outlines the grand and noble future which the human race should labour for. There have been weak attempts—there are contemptible makeshifts now on their trial, especially in the new world—but the whole of

these, without exception, are simply diluted reproductions of systems long since worn out. These can only last a little while; if anything, they are worse than the prejudices and traditions which form the body of wider-spread creeds. The world cries out for an intellect which shall draw its inspiration from the unvarying and infallible laws regulating the universe; which shall found its faith upon the teaching of grass, of leaf, of bird, of beast, of hoary rock, great ocean, star and sun; which shall afford full room for the development of muscle, sense, and above all of the wondrous brain; and which without fettering the individual shall secure the ultimate apotheosis of the race. No such system can spring at once, complete, perfect in detail, from any one mind. But assuredly when once a firm basis has been laid down, when an outline has been drawn, the converging efforts of a thousand thousand thinkers will be brought to bear upon it, and it will be elaborated into something approaching a reliable guide. The faiths of the past, of the ancient world, now extinct or feebly lingering on, were each inspired by one mind only. The faith of the future, in strong contrast, will spring from the researches of a thousand thousand thinkers, whose minds, once brought into a focus, will speedily burn up all that is useless and worn out with a fierce heat, and evoke a new and brilliant light. This converging thought is one of the greatest blessings of our day, made possible by the vastly extended means of communication, and almost seems specially destined for this very purpose. Thought increases with the ages. At this moment there are probably as many busy brains studying, reflecting, collecting scattered truths, as there were thinkers—effectual thinkers—in all the recorded eighty centuries gone by. Daily and hourly the noble army swells its numbers, and the sound of its mighty march grows louder; the inscribed roll of its victories fills the heart with exultation.

There is a slight rustle among the bushes and the fern upon the mound. It is a rabbit who has peeped forth into the sunshine. His eye opens wide with wonder at the sight of us; his nostrils work nervously as he watches us narrowly. But in a little while the silence and stillness reassure him: he nibbles in a desultory way at the stray grasses on the mound, and finally ventures out into the meadow almost within reach of the hand. It is so easy to make the acquaintance—to make friends with the children of Nature. From the tiniest insect upwards they are so ready to dwell in sympathy with us—only be tender, quiet, considerate, in a word, *gentlemanly*, towards them and they will freely wander

around. And they have all such marvellous tales to tell—intricate problems to solve for us. This common wild rabbit has an ancestry of almost unsearchable antiquity. Within that little body there are organs and structures which, rightly studied, will throw a light upon the mysteries hidden in our own frames. It is a peculiarity of this search that nothing is despicable; nothing can be passed over—not so much as a fallen leaf, or a grain of sand. Literally everything bears stamped upon it characters in the hieratic, the sacred handwriting, not one word of which shall fall to the ground.

Sitting indoors, with every modern luxury around, rich carpets, artistic furniture, pictures, statuary, food and drink brought from the uttermost ends of the earth, with the telegraph, the printing-press, the railway at immediate command, it is easy to say, 'What have *I* to do with all this? I am neither an animal nor a plant, and the sun is nothing to me. This is *my* life which I have created: I am apart from the other inhabitants of the earth.' But go to the window. See—there is but a thin, transparent sheet of brittle glass between the artificial man and the air, the light, the trees and grass. So between him and the other innumerable organisms which live and breathe there is but a thin feeble crust of prejudice and social custom. Between him and those irresistible laws which keep the sun upon its course there is absolutely no bar whatever. Without air he cannot live. Nature cannot be escaped. Then face the facts, and having done so, there will speedily arise a calm pleasure beckoning onwards.

The shadows of the oak and chestnut-tree no longer shelter our rug; the beams of the noonday sun fall vertically on us; we will leave the spot for a while. The nightingale and the goldfinches, the thrushes and blackbirds, are silent for a time in the sultry heat. But they only wait for the evening to burst forth in one exquisite chorus, praising this wondrous life and the beauties of the earth.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

A Tale of the Sea.

YOU want a yarn ? Then listen to a story of the sea,
 About as prime, I take it, as a story well could be,
 And one which I can tell first-hand, because I saw it all—
 Besides which, 'tis so wondrous good all round, there ain't no call
 For me to pull the bow a bit ; so here's my hand to you
 That, as I hope for my salvation, all I say is true.—
 We hailed from Liverpool, in autumn time, bound for New York ;
 Our craft a sailing vessel, good to float as any cork ;
 We were well found in everything—'specially in the crew,
 Which were as fine a lot of fellows as I ever knew.
 When we were out a week the wind was blowing sou'-sou'-west,
 And every swell we rode upon showed us a broader chest :
 Next day we met the gale, and all next night it grew,
 And all the day and night that followed harder still it blew,
 Until it was the biggest storm that I have ever seen,
 Though I have sailed on every sea since I was young and green.
 And all on board agreed it was the biggest they had known :
 Bedad, Sir, you might fancy that the ocean had been blown
 Into the sky ; for winds and waves, and clouds and spray, and
 dark and light,
 Were all mixed up together, like a mob in furious fight.
 We set our course north-west by north, took in all sails but three,
 And wondered how the ship could live in such a maniac sea :
 But nobly and right well she rose upon each mountain wave—
 Threw up her head to meet the foe defiantly and brave ;
 Bowed down her head when he had passed, to gather strength again,
 And so was always ready for the giants of the main.—
 It was when drawing near to noon that, on our starboard bow,
 We saw a vessel labouring among those fields of snow :
 So far as we could then make out, she seemed to be all right,
 But as the waves were running over thirty feet in height,

We only saw in glimpses that a ship was there at all,
And, Lord, the air was full of mist as at your Horse-Shoe Fall.
But by-and-by we spied her flag—the stars and stripes quite plain,
And, God Almighty! they were hung reversed upon the main!
So down we bore upon her course, and, in an hour or two,
Were near enough to see her well, and even count her crew.
Now, Bill the mate was bold, and strong as any two or three,
A tawny British lion—Lord, a very devil he,
Who laughed before the face of Death, shook Danger by the hand,
And why the world should shun his friends could never understand.
'So here's a go, my men,' he cried,—'a Yankee in distress!
Who cares to take a pleasure trip in go-to-meeting dress?'
A dozen hands went up at once, and they prepared a boat,
Before they told the captain that their notion was afloat;
But when he heard it, up he rounded on to Bill, and said—
'The devil take you for a lunatic, both born and bred!
Do you suppose a boat could live in such a sea as that?
Or you come out of it if you had th'nine lives of a cat?
You are a crazy Scotchman, Sir, and if you want to drown,
Jump overboard, and let us see if that will cool your crown.'
So 'gin the boat the men stood still, and looked upon the sea:
Indeed the captain had spoke truth, as true as true could be:
But all the answer Bill had made was—'You are skipper here,
And maybe Scotch to English are as whisky is to beer.'
'Twas then I looked to see how yet the Yankee craft might fare,
When, by my faith, the stars and stripes no longer floated there:
So out I sang—'The flag has gone! By Jove, it's blown away!'
And every eye was turned to look to where the Yankee lay:
But not a single star or stripe from stem to stern was shown;
Though no one dreamed the wonderment that shortly would be known,
For even while we looked, the stars and stripes appeared again,
Right briskly running up the mizzen rigging to the main;
But now, although we scarcely could believe our very eyes,
The colours floated right side up! Here then was a surprise;
The Yankee meant to signal that her danger was all past;
She swam as right as we were, said her colours from the mast.
Thereon we raised a bit of cheer, for right well glad were we
That no one now could feel a call to face that frightful sea.
So calmly for a time we watched her, plunging in and out
Among the waves, and not a man among us had a doubt

But some mishap had fallen, and been set to rights again,
Just at the time when we had got our boat's gear into train.
'Go, fetch my glass,' the captain cried; 'it's rum behaviour this,
To call us up by flag reversed, and then to blow a kiss.'
Agin the mast, with glass as firm as limpet on a rock,
Between the heavings of the sea he watched the shuddering shock,
As wave by wave leaped on her deck, like wolves with shining teeth,
And hung their claws upon her sides to drag her underneath;
Though still she rose and shook them off, as one by one they came
A hungry and an endless pack on hunt of wounded game:
Above the tempest we could hear them roaring round their prey,
And saw her plunge among them like a mighty beast at bay.
And while we watched her agony, it seemed a desperate case,
With all her body broken, and with death upon her face;
But still the stars and stripes were flying bravely over all,
So still we thought that they had never meant our help to call,
But only signalled that we should stand by to watch and wait,
For sailors best know how to steer 'twixt Too-soon and Too-late.
But Bill, whose sight was wondrous good, was staring like a ghost,
And muttered—'Damn my eyes if e'er she sees the coast.'
With that I turned to watch the captain standing 'gin the mast,
And, as I turned, he dropped the glass all sudden,—'Sinking fast!'
He said no more just then: perhaps it was the driving spray,
But I believe I saw him brush a woman's tear away.
Yet soon we heard his voice again, as strong as strong could be:—
'Now, boys, you know the meaning of a Yankee-doodle spree;
He makes his colours turn a somersault before they go beneath,
For sure as you are standing there he's face to face with death;
But he would show the Britisher he's not afraid to die,
When all his hope of life is that the Britisher should try
A desperate rescue through that demoniac sea—Hush, boys!'
For we began a round hurrah—'no time for empty noise;
I tell you that I don't believe a rescue can be done:
In all my life I never saw a sea so ugly run,
And if you know me, boys, you know that sooner than play white,
I'd throw my tongue upon the deck to show I'd spoken right;
But I am skipper here, and duty bids me tell you plain,
Whoever leaves this ship to-day will not return again.
You volunteers are made of right good British stuff, I know,
And this the Yankee knows, yet sees a rescue is no go;
Believe me, lads, the Yankee's right; and brave as right is he;
Hats off before the glory of the heroes of the sea.'

And then we stood in silence, with our hats held in our hands,
As men who need not speak again, where each man understands;
And understands a sight so great that words are useless things,
And speech is frozen at its source, while thought is taking wings.
Then came a fearful wave astern, much taller than the rest,
A moving toppling mountain with the snow upon its crest,
And high above the stars and stripes we saw it rear and fall:
O God! she had been sunk before our eyes—hull, masts, and all—
A whole ship swallowed by one wave, which passed along again
With but a streak of foam to show the place where she had lain.
Without a breath we looked upon that tombstone of the deep,
And not a heart but felt a heave as in a nightmare sleep;
But not for long before the waking all on sudden came,
For 'mid the white a black rose up—a ship, but not the same.
The stars and stripes were gone, with masts, and yards, and sails;
the deck

And hull were all that could be seen: the Yankee was a wreck.
Yet to the stumps the crew were lashed, and we could count them
all,

Though every wave now buried them, and rolled her like a ball.
Then roundly sang out Bill—'By God, Sir, I can't stand to see
These men go down before my eyes; 'tis like enough, if we
Attempt a rescue, we shall follow in their wake; but hark,
My men, if I shall live a hundred years, that Yankee bark
Will haunt me day and night, like any phantom ship where Death
Is grinning in the shrouds; and what's the use o' drawing breath,
If ever and again it is to think I might ha' gi'en
Those Yankee lads a chance: 'twere all like murder to ha' been
So near and watch 'em drown, wi'out a hand or foot to stir:
I'd rather death than buy my life wi' such a thought. Aye, Sir,
You're right to tell us 'tis foolhardy; that we know it is;
But, lads, I canna' bide to see the Yankee go like this:
If he had left his colours topsy-turvy on the mast,
Maybe I might ha' held my peace, and watched him to the last;
But, Lord, I canna' stand you running right side up, my friend,
And now I'd rather go wi' you than stay to see the end.'

A shout went up, as with one voice, to tell the captain there,
That all his crew were British tars, who lived to do and dare;
For Bill had said what all had felt, and we were by his side,
To make the captain give the word, whatever might betide;
No time for parley then, and so he quickly answered, 'Aye—
Now sharp, brave lads, be off, be off, to rescue or to die!

All hands to starboard, lads ; let go the boat, with Bill to steer '
Eight volunteers, and Bill as cox, jumped in above the gear ;
But, gad, Sir, never in our lives was such a job as that,
For all the while our ship was tumbling like an acrobat,
And half the time we heeled to beam-ends on our starboard side,
Then back again to beam-ends on our larboard, while we tried
To catch the level moment as we rolled betwixt the two,
For dropping with a sudden rush the lifeboat and her crew :
Hung on the stays, with all their oars spread waiting in the air,
They looked more like a thing to fly than such a sea to dare ;
And in each face of all the nine there was a pair of eyes,
That showed the very devil of a man who does or dies,
While up into the sky, and down again into the sea,
We all were holding anxiously, as silent as could be—
Then suddenly sung out the word—'Let go,'—and down they went !
Good God ! a moment afterwards, with all our bodies bent
Athwart the gunwale, not a sign or vestige could we find,
So turned our eyes with horror to the waste of waves behind—
There battling in the tempest, nine strong swimmers might we see,
Without a hope of helping them in their last agony,—
When by the Mass, as down we dipped to starboard side again,
We saw her high above our heads, and cheered with might and main ;
For all the eight were pulling for their very lives away,
Mixed up in mountain waves of foam, and struggling in the spray.
So they drew on, and on and on, and on and on they drew,
But only now and then it was they glimpsed into our view,
And ever and anon we thought they were so long unseen,
They never more would show above the crests that rolled between :
Ah, Sir, it is a dreadful sight to watch a boat that braves
A thousand odds to reach a wreck among a thousand waves ;
And never since the world began is any sight more grand,
Than when at last the rope is thrown which joins them hand in
hand.

Next one by one we saw the shipwrecked men pass down the line,
Now high in air, then plunging down in fathoms deep of brine,
Till all were got aboard and stowed to balance up the boat,
Which rode so deep it seemed to us she could no longer float ;
But Bill was at the tiller, and no man could steer like Bill,—
So on they came, while cheer on cheer we raised with right good
will ;

Until at last the rope was thrown which joined us hand in hand,
And every man was hauled on deck, as safe as on the land.—

Next day the storm had lulled, and when, with blankets and with rum,

We got some show of life in the new faces that had come,
Our skipper says to theirs—' Now tell us all your yarn, my man.'
With that the Yankee spat a spit, squared up, and thus began :—
' My tale's soon told,' quoth he : ' 'twas yesterday we sprang a leak,
And as the gale grew stronger, Sir, our vessel grew more weak :
She strained, and writhed, and groaned, just like a living thing in pain,

And all night long we worked the pumps, but worked them all in vain ;

For hour by hour the water gained through all the dismal night,
And when the morning broke at last the gale was at its height.
You bet, we were exhausted as a flock of prairie hens,
When blown to sea and fluttering with no more strength than wrens :
The cargo was all overboard, and yet we rode so low,
I saw the pumps were useless, and prepared the boats to go ;
But early in the morning they were stoved and washed away,
So then we lashed each other fast, and waited for the day.
Right glad were we to see your sail bear down on us at noon,
And ran our colours wrong side up, for you were none too soon.
" A Union Jack ! A Union Jack ! " we cried ; " O blessed sight !
No chicken-hearted lubbers there, but sea-hawks born to fight :
Old England to the rescue ! Mother England, bless thy face !
Brave Britisher, press onward—onward—neck and neck thy race
With Death astride the Hurricane, in frantic, foaming speed."
The hungry distance lessened, and we knew you saw our need :
For then we saw you round your boat, like ants about a fly,
And knew you meant a rescue—or leastways to have a try.
But then it was that first we marked the heights that rolled between,
For when your masts went under, devil one of them was seen ;
And all the sea was like a churn : Lord, how the breakers hissed,
And swirled, and raced, and splashed, as if to show how they could twist

A boat to matchwood. Then our voices ceased, for every heart
Was filling with one thought : each knew it well, but whose the part
To speak it out ? Not mine, the skipper of a drowning crew—
Leastways not till the others saw what I already knew.
Ah, bitter, and yet sweet, it was to see them whisper then,
For sure was I that what they spoke was spoken up like men :
I saw it in each darkened face, in each determined eye :
It was a council to agree that all on board should die,

At last the mate, as spokesman, came before the mast, and said :—
“We guess the thing’s impossible. The men’s as good as dead
Who should attempt to cross that sea. Now, skipper, what say you ?
My mates and me have had a talk, and talked the business through.
We have no stomach for the sight these Britishers prepare :
You know as well as we do what it is that waits them there :
And can you think, when our turn comes, that Death will seem less
grim

Because we saw the Britishers walk into Hell with him ?
Nay, skipper, we would rather die as honest men and true,
Without that awful spectacle first spread before our view,
To haunt our dying memories with every dying face,
That then will look upon us like a witness of disgrace ;
For now we may prevent in time the launching of their boat,
By running up our Yankee flag as it should always float.
Tell, skipper, are you with us, or will you that they shall try ?
You see it is impossible : wish you to watch them die ?”
With that I spoke up what I thought ; but added at the last,
That wives and babes should join in council held before the mast.
“Ah, skipper,” said the mate, “you know that there you hit me hard ;
And, gad, you nearly win the game by playing such a card :
But I have thought of her and them through all the night and day—
Expecting, hoping, waiting for the father far away,
Who never, never, never, shall come back to see them more :
My widow, O my orphans, would that you had gone before !”
Then stood he straight upright again, and gave a gulp or two—
For he had doubled up along with grief for them—“But you,”
He cried—“the time is short. O mates, give heed and think again :
These splendid fellows will come on, and will come on in vain ;
Their English hearts will perish in the broad Atlantic wave,
And English hearts will mourn them as the true that mourn the brave ;
For English wives, and English children, wait for them at home—
Ah, would you haunt those homes, like ours, with feet that never
come ?”

Then, fearing waste of time, I called a vote of hands to show,
When, as I live, all went for Aye, and never one for No !
Confound me, Sir, if I had thought a vote like that to find—
A whole ship’s crew, and not a man who was not of one mind.
So out I sang—“Down with the flag, and up again as fast ;
The Britishers will watch us sink, and understand at last :
Then all the world shall hear the tale the Britishers shall tell,
And proudly every heart in broad America shall swell.”

So, when the flag was righted, and we saw the monstrous wave,
We drew our breath and waited for the water and the grave ;
Yet when it broke upon us, with its towering tons of weight,
My only thought in death and darkness was—God, Thou art great.
The rest you know in part, though you can never rightly know
The adoration you inspired in that terrific row.
And when upon your English deck I clasped your English hands,
It seemed to draw the union close between our native lands ;
For thus in mid Atlantic met, as kindred tried and true,
I felt that not unworthy we of brothers such as you.’¹

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

¹ This ‘Tale of the Sea’ is an historically accurate narration of fact.

Why the English Ranchman is a Failure.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

IF there were any statistics of the number of educated Englishmen who have engaged in farming, ranching, or stock-raising in this country, and of how they have fared in these pursuits, they would be instructive, if melancholy, reading. In the absence of statistics, it may be predicated safely that, out of every hundred young men of this class, ninety-five have failed to do more than gain a bare subsistence.

Nor do I include in the above estimate those scapegraces who have worn out the patience of their relatives and friends at home and have been dismissed to this country with a sum of money, larger or smaller as the case may be, to sink or swim, but at all events to be out of the way. These are doomed before they start, and need not be considered for the purposes of this article. It is the fate of the large number of good-hearted, worthy young fellows who have come out with the best intentions, who have made an honest effort and have nevertheless failed, that seems to be worthy of some commiseration, and the reasons of their failure may have some interest.

To one who has been through the mill himself, there is no cause for wonder that the percentage of failure should be so overwhelming. Of the thousands of farmers and ranchmen in this country, few, very few, are doing more than making a bare living for themselves and families. These men, to the manner born, have milked cows and tended stock from earliest childhood, have ploughed as soon as they could reach the handles, and, in a word, know the ins and outs of farming and ranching with that entire and absolute intimacy which we gain only in those things which

we have learnt in childhood and practised through youth and maturity. Are the few thousand dollars the Englishman with the public-school education brings out to start him an equivalent for this lifetime's experience?

That they are not, the result shows plainly enough. In my own experience of upwards of twelve years, I cannot call to mind a single case where an Englishman of the kind I am describing has begun in a small way, has gradually progressed, has added field to field, has seen his flocks and herds increase, his land improve in value, and in ten years could sell out for a good deal more than he originally put into the business. This, it will be conceded, is a moderate and reasonable amount of success to hope for, and, I repeat, I cannot call to mind a single instance where it has been attained. Nor is my experience unique—far from it. A little more than a year ago, I was travelling by road between Colorado Springs and Denver, and stayed all night at a rancho owned and run by a dairyman, a Westerner; be it understood, born and raised in the business. In the course of the evening's conversation we were speaking on this subject, and he ran over a list of Englishmen who had come out and settled near him, and who had, one after another, succumbed. 'What's the matter with these fellows?' he said: 'they seem like good boys, seem to try, but they don't make it count. Out of all the Englishmen I have known here,' he added, 'and it seems to me I have known a hundred, I don't know one who ever did any good with the first money he brought out.' 'Did you ever know one that did any good afterwards?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'perhaps one once in a while, but I can't think of one.' Similarly, quite recently, in conversation with a friend in Denver, whose experience extends over a period of twenty years, this topic was touched upon. 'Not a single Englishman have I ever met,' he declared, 'who has made a success of ranching.' 'Not one?' I said. 'No,' he replied after a moment, 'not one who has ever really succeeded, whom people would call prosperous.' This gentleman had tried it himself for several years, and his present business as an insurance agent takes him over a vast territory. His opportunities for judging are unusually good, and his testimony the more convincing.

But almost every educated Englishman you meet in the Western cities has been on a ranch at one period of his career in the United States, and there is a great and striking similitude in their accounts.

Whether he has been raising corn or hogs in Kansas or Nebraska, or cattle, horses, or sheep in Colorado, Wyoming, or New Mexico, or wheat-farming in Dakota, or fruit-raising in California, he has much the same story to tell. One hears of the Englishman's 'crazy breaks,' his lack of judgment, his too free expenditure, his misplaced confidence. Nearly always, too, one hears of his generosity and good nature; qualities excellent in themselves, but hardly those most conducive to success in the company in which he finds himself. He is out of his class. He finds himself on a lower plane socially, and I had almost said morally, than that in which he has been bred. The cunning and sharp practice he meets with surprise and repel him. Theoretically he knows that he must be on the look-out; that there are ravening wolves lying in wait for just such fellows as himself. Still he cannot believe that his pleasant communicative neighbour, who is at such pains to show him the ropes, and to post him in the ways of the country, is the very man who will, before he has done with him, 'euchre him out of his very eyes.'

In most farming communities there will be found one or two money-making members, to whom the rest of the community are in debt. These prosperous ones are, naturally, those who have the best business qualities to supplement their professional skill and knowledge. They are those who best know how, who have raised the best crops and got the best price, and who get the last ounce out of their hired help. They have the means to take hold of a bargain when they see it, and are always on the look-out for one. It is a part of their business to know their neighbour's circumstances, so as to be able to take advantage of them when occasion offers. In a word, they are 'posted.' Do these men, when they want to buy a property, go, as the Englishman does, and ask the owner point-blank if he wants to sell and what he will take? No, they have heard the gossip of the countryside, they know the circumstances, how he had a note coming due at such a date, and how the mortgage is cutting his throat. Their mental attitude as regards a purchase is radically different from the Englishman's; and the difference being radical is never entirely overcome by the latter. These men take comparatively little account of the nominal value of the property. It may possibly sell for that, but it would never do to pay it. They say to themselves, 'What is the least dollar I can get this for, and how can I work it best to get it for the least he will take?' The Englishman more often says to himself, 'Land hereabouts is

worth so much an acre, or such a horse should be worth so much.' Even then he probably puts the price too high; but, supposing he does not, if he buys on this principle he has paid the full value where his successful neighbour would have paid only two-thirds, and not unfrequently one-half. The Englishman has to be on his guard against his own generous promptings. He must resist the impulse which urges him to say, 'The horse is really worth what he is asking, and it's a shame to jew the poor chap down, if he wants to make money.' But this impulse never arises in the breast of the successful cold-blooded man I have endeavoured to represent, and here he has a great advantage. As time goes on, the Englishman is tolerably sure to find out that his neighbours can, after all, take very good care of themselves in the matter of a trade without any protection from himself against his own deeper finesse. The fine edge of his feelings becomes blunted, somewhat at the expense of his moral nature; but the partially acquired habit of mind lacks the thoroughness and spontaneity of the genuine article, which is so bred and ingrained in the nature of the native as to be an instinct rather than a calculated choice of procedure. What will always be an effort to the one is natural to the other, and the failure of the Englishman is the outcome of the difference.

Let us see how the intended ranchman sets about it. The two ways most frequently employed are either for him to come out to some English friend who has been at the business for a few years, where an arrangement has been made for him to work (save the mark!) for his board for a year or so before he sets up for himself; or he may pay a premium for being taught. Neither of these ways is entirely satisfactory, as will be shown, and the arrangement often breaks down. Sometimes, but not often, the beginner casts himself boldly on the rather thorny bosom of the West, and goes from ranch to ranch till he finds a place to work for a board. If a native has accepted his services, he will probably learn a good deal more than he will with Englishmen, if he stays. But his utter ignorance and awkwardness soon wear out his employer's patience, and before long they part in mutual disgust. 'I wouldn't give him his salt for what he can do,' is the native's opinion of him. Usually the ranch which finally receives him is an English one, and here he is in much the same position as the youth who came out under agreement. Here a little more patience and indulgence will probably be extended to his shortcomings in consideration of his forlorn con-

dition, and his breeding and nationality will be something in his favour, instead of being in his way.

The young man who comes out under agreement usually starts with an expensive and almost useless outfit, most of which is, before long, sold, traded off, lost or stolen. As a general rule the daily chores on the ranch fall to his lot. He has to milk, and clean stables, chop the wood, bring the cows up in the evening, go for the mail, and if, as not unfrequently is the case, his friend and employer is a bachelor, the cooking gradually devolves on him, and the unsavoury messes which result from his efforts while he is still learning forbid his employer to come to his meals with any very cheerful anticipation. In fact, a ranchman's house presided over by a 'tenderfoot' Englishman commonly presents a scene of savagery which baffles description. For a while this can be laughed at and joked about, but there comes a time when the joke becomes monotonous and the smile more and more sickly. Some evening, when things outside have gone more than usually wrong, and the tired and depressed ranchman enters the scene of desolation which he calls his home, and is greeted with the too familiar odour of burnt ham, sees potatoes swimming in an ocean of grease, and casts a horrified glance on the baking-powder 'dodger' bread, half-an-inch of black crust on the outside and a mass of dough within, while the unconscious cook is reading a novel with a pipe in his mouth, the iron enters into his very soul, and he speaks with his tongue, and bitterly. But the cooking part of it is one of the easiest things to learn, and he soon improves enough 'to sling pretty good hash,' as the phrase is. As far as order or neatness is concerned, however, as a rule the less said the better.

It will not be long before the new comer, who has never done a real day's work in his life, begins to think he is working too hard, and ought to be getting wages. This idea is fostered by, and not improbably receives its original impulse from, the 'hand,' if the owner keeps one. This young man will soon ask the 'tenderfoot' what he is getting, and hearing that it is nothing, will say, 'Well, you must be an all-fired sucker. I'd admire to see myself working for anyone just for my chewin'.' This text, continually harped on, soon takes root in the youngster's mind, and, totally forgetting, probably unconscious of, the immeasurable difference in value between himself and the hired man, he some day prefers a request for wages. His friend will most likely pass in review some of the more flagrant evidences of incompetence which his

protégé has displayed : how he has dried the cows up from imperfect milking ; how he let the team run away, and did more damage to the team and waggon than he could pay for in six months' work ; how impossible it has been to depend on him for anything, so forgetful and careless is he, and so on through a formidable list of delinquencies ; and, reminding him of the agreement between his parents and himself, will tell him he can go or stay as he pleases, but his services are worth nothing but his board, and dear at that. This will be no more than the truth, but the truth is not always palatable, and the youngster, sore and indignant, is apt to turn sulky and do worse instead of better. The novelty has worn off, enthusiasm has waned, the gilt is off the gingerbread, and for the rest of the year, if they stay together that length of time, the domestic peace is broken by frequent bickerings.

Very likely, towards the end of his stay, as his duties become more familiar to him, he thinks he has learnt all there is to know about it, and has acquired a fine contempt for his employer, whose want of success is becoming evident to him. He has the hired hand's assurance that the boss knows nothing of ranching ; that he 'likes to work for him first-rate, but he jest naturally don't know how to take hold,' and, his feelings of loyalty having long ago been lost under the growth of the ill-feeling that has sprung up between them, he lends a willing ear to those hints and innuendoes. He sees the mistakes, and thinks he knows the remedy, and writes to his parents that, though Brown is not doing any good the business is profitable, properly conducted (this underlined), and that if they can lend him the amount that was talked of before he left home, he knows a nice little ranch which can be bought cheap, and on which he can make a good living with good prospect of increase. Anyhow, he can't stay where he is any longer. The worthy folks at home, who are at their wits' end to know what to do with the boys, are only too glad to think that Harry has found something that suits him, and a few hundred pounds—possibly as many as a thousand—are sent out with the parental blessing.

If a premium has been paid, the result is the same. If the youngster is to learn anything, he must work. If he works on his employer's ranch, the feeling very soon arises that the latter is making something out of him at each end. He is being paid for teaching him, and getting the benefit of his work as well. He thinks he is being imposed upon, and the hired man confirms him in the idea. 'Pay for working ! You must be plumb crazy,' he

says : and if his employer honestly tries to teach him something and keeps him pretty close to business, he soon gets dissatisfied.

The premium-paying youth seldom gets his money's worth. His would-be teacher naturally feels a difficulty in compelling him to take hold under the circumstances. It usually ends in the young man's going pretty much his own way, and at the end of the year he has very likely learnt less than the one who worked for his board only. There are two sides to the premium question, as to every other : one, that the young man in his first year is very likely to destroy more through carelessness and incompetence than his work amounts to ; and the other, that he pays for what he does not get ; and just so far as he does prove himself of some use, so much the more is he deserving of wages—of receiving instead of giving.

But, as a matter of fact, during this first year our young Englishman has not learnt very much. He has learnt how to do a few of the simplest things on a ranch, and is a good deal less helpless than when he first arrived. But his knowledge of values and the capabilities of land is still of the haziest. It is doubtful if he has any idea what income may be looked for from a quarter-section of land and a few cows and horses. In some vague way they are to make him a living and increase into a fortune.

Armed with this year's experience and the few thousand dollars provided from the parental purse, the young man proceeds to set up for himself. He has to buy a ranch and stock it : he wants cows, horses, a waggon, farm implements, and so forth. In the contest of wits that ensues between this raw boy and the neighbours, which is going to get the best of it ? As a rule, in the tussle between the tenderfoot and the native, as in a recent famous pugilistic encounter, there is only one in it, and that is not the Englishman. Everyone has something to sell him. During the year of his probation some one of the neighbours has probably got his confidence, and now sells him his own ranch at two prices, or someone else's, and pockets a heavy commission. Horses, cows, waggons, and farm implements are pressed upon his notice, and the tenderfoot, who beats the price down from a hundred dollars to seventy-five, where fifty would have been ample, hugs himself with delight as the seller rides off with his tongue in his cheek, declaring that he (the Englishman) is 'the closest hand at a bargain he ever struck, and that he never expected to let that piece of property go for any such price.'

Finally our tiro is equipped for his high emprise, and has

almost certainly made serious blunders at the very outset. 'Well bought is half sold' is the truest of commercial maxims, and the whole of his new acquisitions have cost him more, a good deal more, than he will ever get again. While it may be reasonably objected that this is no more than can be said of any plant purchased for the starting up of a business, it is not necessarily true of the whole equipment of any business, and should be least of all true in the case of a ranchman's outfit. The old-timer, the professional, the money-making ranchman, is more likely to make money out of the land itself than to lose on it, so careful was he to get the bottom figure. He knew all there was to know about it for years perhaps, and knew the precise moment to 'strike' the owner for a trade. The waggon, harness, and implements must, of course, deteriorate more or less, whoever owns them. Perhaps it is safe to say the wear and tear will be greater with the Englishman than with the old-timer. The latter was especially careful in the selection of the live stock, and the main part of his investment will grow into money. The Englishman's team, to take the first instance that suggests itself, was bought for eight years old. If he took a neighbour's opinion of them, he was most likely told they were 'not old to hurt.' Nor were they, perhaps, even if they were ten years old, and had had fair usage; but, supposing them to be eight years old when he bought them, in two years time they will be ten; if ten originally, then twelve, and when he tries to sell them, he will find out whether they are 'old to hurt' or not. In other words, they will be going down on him every day. The money-making man starts with a team of four-year-olds, gets a couple of years' work out of them, sells them at six years old, when they are at their best, and starts in again with another pair of colts. But is not the Englishman you are describing, it may be asked, better off with a pair of steady horses if they are somewhat old than he would be with a pair of young horses which he would probably ruin? Undoubtedly yes, but none the less is a source of profit here cut off from him, and for no other reason than his own incompetence.

Another point of difference between the Englishman and the old-timer is the lavish, nay, almost reckless, way in which the former will spend money on improvements. Here it is difficult to blame him, so specious are the reasonings in favour of good buildings and good fences. If these came slowly and legitimately, one may say, out of the profits of the business, he would probably be doing right and showing good judgment. But he has seldom

patience to wait for this, and to do the best he can with what he has got, as his neighbours are all doing. He might, if he would, argue that these men who have been at it all their lives are pretty apt to know what pays and what does not, and that if their buildings are rough and ramshackle, they are perhaps as good as the circumstances will justify. But his English taste is offended by the forlorn and desolate look of their surroundings. He points to the few thriving farmers in the neighbourhood, and asks if their good buildings have not been one of the reasons of their better success. Certainly, my dear sir, they are an advantage, but what you don't know or don't consider is how very little actual cash Farmer Jones was out of pocket for that big barn, and how long he had been on the place before he felt able to build it. You don't know that he traded a team for the lumber and got it off at 40 per cent. more than it cost him, and gave an old sow and pigs for what little carpenter work he needed outside of his own force. No, you have your little balance at the bank yet, and the easiest way and the pleasantest way, and, in fact, the only way you know, is to go and buy the lumber and pay someone to put it up for you. Here, my young friend, is where your few dollars are getting away from you. Do you suppose that you get the same day's work for the half-dollar a day more you are paying your man in cash than Farmer Jones got out of the man he employed and paid in trade? He would be a man of high principle, indeed, who would render the same diligent service to your youth and good-nature and inexperience that he gave to grim old Jones, who had him out at daylight and overlooked every nail he drove, and growled at the slow headway he was making. For you he will most likely begin an hour later and quit an hour sooner and comport himself throughout the day in a very much more leisurely fashion than he did for Jones, while he is careful to explain to you that he is one of the kind who will do more by half for a man who is not surly and disagreeable and trying to rush things all the time, but who is pleasant and friendly and treats him as if he was half white, anyway. You will be fortunate if you get your barn built in twice the time Farmer Jones got his, and fortunate again *if* you get nearly as good work. I think you will find that your barn has cost you nearly twice what Jones's cost him, and that you have not got as good an article. But you will pay the same tax on it that he does, if that is any comfort.

This point of hired help is another and a very serious difference between the Englishman and his neighbour. Someone

he must have, as otherwise business would hardly go on, but his wages must perforce be paid out of the fast-diminishing balance, as the ranch has not begun to pay yet. Our young friend is, of course, paying the highest wages in the market, and equally, of course, is getting a good deal less than the true value. For a job of a few days, like the barn, this point, though damaging, is not vital, but carried throughout the year, it is vital indeed, and is one of the main causes of the ultimate collapse.

If the beginner would content himself with hiring during the spring work and again through haying and harvest, the funds at his disposal would last longer; but he too often keeps a man the year round. If he does this, during a great part of the time, even if he gets a full day out of him, the man's work does not pay for itself. The hired man sees at once that his so-called 'boss' knows nothing about his business, and, not unfrequently in such cases, he proceeds to run the ranch to suit himself. His coarser fibre and excessively plain speaking, together with the undoubted fact that he knows infinitely more about everything he has to do than the youngster who is employing him, soon give him a moral superiority, as he already has a physical; and if it is urged against this that his employer must be a poor weak creature to allow such a state of affairs, let me ask if an instance can be shown where authority can be successfully exercised by ignorance over experience. What kind of a captain would he make whose ignorance was patent to his crew? Or what discipline could a merchant maintain who knew less of the ins and outs of his business than his clerks? Or, to come nearer the matter in hand, does old Jones have to ask his hands' advice on nearly every point connected with his business?

But the young owner of the property does have to do this very thing, and if he takes his own way in spite of advice, nine times out of ten he has the mortification of seeing that he was wrong. But from what farmhand can be expected the delicacy and refinement which will enable him to give his advice when it is asked for, or to modestly offer it when he sees his employer on the brink of a mistake, and then retire gracefully into the second place, and stay there till he is called upon again, which may be within the next ten minutes? It is expecting too much of human nature—certainly of Western human nature—to ask it.

An honest, hard-working fellow who has his employer's interests at heart can do a great deal for him in the way of teaching him, saving him from making foolish trades, and,

generally speaking, acting as guide, philosopher, and friend. But his services are too costly. 'The ranch won't stand it' is a by-word in the West, and it certainly can stand very little hired help. 'The best way I found to get along,' said an old-timer to the writer once, 'was to do what I could myself and let the rest go. It don't pay to hire help.'

In fact, in such a case as we are considering, that of a youngster with a hundred and sixty acres of land and a few cows and horses, hiring a man to help is much the same as getting a job of day labour at a dollar a day and giving someone else a dollar and a half to do it for you.

The majority of the native ranchmen have their families to help them, and here they have another great advantage over the Englishman besides that of experience. Little boys that can just reach the plough-handles can do just as good a job as the Englishman, and are 'costing the old man nothing but what little grub they eat.' The greater part of the 'grub' is home-raised, and the greater part of the Englishman's comes from the store. This, of course, cannot be helped during the first year. He has had no chance to make any other provision; but, as a rule, he does not give the time—in fact, has not the time to spare—to make a garden. The garden is always tended by the women in the West, and furnishes a great part of the living for the family. Nor do his chickens do as well with the very cursory attendance they get from him as they do for the thrifty housewife of his neighbour. If he undertakes to make his own butter, he adds another and a most wearisome 'chore' to the daily round, and, as a rule, he buys it—that is to say, a small sum weekly leaves his pocket for his neighbour's. So with his washing, so not seldom with his baking. All these things are money out of his pocket and money in his neighbour's, and small though they may seem, 'the ranch won't stand it.' For all these things are part of ranching proper. It is made up of small economies, and it will be found that those who have practised these small economies most systematically and thoroughly are among the few who really prosper. Is not the Pennsylvania Dutchman the typical economiser, and is he not proverbially the successful farmer? This small economising, this reluctance to let go of a cent if it can be avoided, this grudging of no personal trouble rather than pay anything out, is seldom a part of the Englishman's nature. He has never been used to it, never seen it practised, cannot comprehend its importance, most likely despises it, certainly hates it, and, it may almost be said,

never acquires it. The need for it will be burnt into him through a painful and costly experience, but to the end of the chapter his struggles in this direction will be but an imperfect copy of the effortless, unconscious, habitual tenacity of his neighbour.

His expenses in every direction are heavier than those of his neighbour, and more than the ranch will bear. The repairs which the born and bred ranchman does for himself as a matter of course, are beyond the Englishman's power at this stage of his career. He is for ever running to the blacksmith's shop, where, quite likely, he is charged from a third to a half more than his neighbours, and this item of the year's expenses is almost certainly three times as heavy as it ought to be. The blacksmith is his first thought when a breakage occurs; it is the native's last. When all the resources of bolts and nuts and wire-nails and, above all, baling-wire, the stand-by of the Western ranchman, have been exhausted, then, and not till then, does the latter bethink him of the blacksmith.

Our young friend is neighbourly and obliging. His tools are borrowed freely, and by no means always returned in as good order as they went out. While still 'tender,' he probably shrugs his shoulders and lets it go. If repairs are needed, he gets them done when he next needs to use the article and pays for them himself. There is nothing necessarily malicious in the neighbours' treatment of him in this respect; he is known to be easy-going, and not so saving of his money as most of themselves, and they probably think it doesn't matter. They have an idea, most of them, that he is only playing at ranching, and does not have to live by it; and, indeed, there are often excellent grounds for this belief. But all these things together make a great difference in a year.

No less an authority than Mr. Micawber assures us that if the expenditure exceeds the income the result is misery, and that happiness can be, and is, secured by keeping the balance the other way. Mr. Micawber was well qualified to advise us on this point, and the remark is assuredly the underlying principle of sound finance. The late P. T. Barnum, who viewed the matter from the other side of the line, gives the same advice, in his *Autobiography*, to young men who are anxious to know how to pile up a fortune. 'Ascertain,' he says, 'as nearly as possible, what your exact daily income is, and then live within it. In no other way will you ever get a start by your own exertions.' I do not pretend to give his exact words, but this is the substance of them, and

sounder advice was never given. Unfortunately, in the case of the ranchman, the exact income is hard to come at. For a long time there is no income at all, and, however much one may take Mr. Barnum's advice to heart, it will be difficult to conform to it during this period. I said no income at all for a long time, that is while the crop is growing and the beef-steers slowly maturing. In the nature of things the value of the crop is difficult to estimate, and it may entirely disappear through an attack of grasshoppers or a drought or a hailstorm. If it does disappear and the income with it, our ranchman must still live; but Mr. Barnum's principle breaks down, as it inevitably must in those cases, unhappily growing more and more numerous, where the income is only conspicuous by its absence.

This very point of being unable with any accuracy to estimate the year's income is, in the writer's judgment, one of the principal reasons why few ranchmen and farmers of any class do more than muddle along. By the time the crop is marketed the store bill has consumed it, and they start in again a year behind. When a failure of crops occurs their credit has already been discounted, and the stock cattle and the one or two brood-mares have to be sacrificed to the paramount necessities of the moment. Here, it may be parenthetically remarked, is Farmer Jones's opportunity, and he is tolerably sure to take advantage of it to the full extent. He will pick up some bargains in stock which will net him fifty or seventy-five per cent. profit. Our friend the Englishman, if he has any spare cash, may do something of the kind, but he will most likely be too soft-hearted to take advantage of his neighbour's necessities and get the bottom figures that Farmer Jones exacts.

The habit of being a year behind is, as I said, highly detrimental. It originates, one supposes, from the ranchman having nothing ahead when he first started. It began with his first year on the place, and he has never caught up. This is no place for an excursion into the evils of the credit system, and I will merely say on this head that one of the two ranchmen I have known who from a quite small beginning are now highly prosperous (both American-born, let me say), told me that for the first five or six years of his ranching life he found that the store bill absorbed the crop and that he never could get ahead at all. He had the sense to see it, and the courage to remedy it with the aid of his wife. They resolved that their eggs and butter must and should pay the expenses of the family, and what these would not procure

must be foregone. This rule they rigidly adhered to, and from that time on their growth was steady and certain. This is Mr. Barnum's principle applied to ranching, and in their case it certainly answered admirably. But, after all, it was only one of many reasons why they were successful.

But to return to our Englishman. He, one would suppose, is better off than the majority of his neighbours with no cash in hand. He still has a little balance in the bank, and he can for the present pay for what he gets, and his hand's wages. Soon, however, this gives out. He is now down to the merits of the ranch; he sees how very much too fast he has been going, and casts about for expedients. He has to let his hand go, and he realises his own inefficiency now as he has never done yet. Most likely he sells off some of his stock for what it will fetch and makes shift this way for a year or two. Then comes the mortgage, and with it his doom, unless his friends in the old country come to the rescue.

If they only half help him, if the mortgage is still hanging over him, there is very little hope for him. He may, if he is energetic and has profited by his errors, scrape along for years with some help at this point. This is what numbers of English ranchmen, nay, native ranchmen too, are doing to-day, getting a bare living and seeing everything that they can rake and scrape over and above their living going for interest and taxes. But this way of doing can hardly be called success. Others give up here and decide that ranching is not their sphere of usefulness, others again have not the means to make a second start, and either go back sadder and wiser, or drift off into other employments, if they can find them. As was said earlier in the article, almost every educated Englishman you meet in the West has been on a ranch some time or other. And to others again is extended a helping hand strong enough to lift them, for the time, entirely out of the mire and start them over again.

If our young friend belongs to this last division, he is most likely recommended to come home and talk things over. He goes back, something thinner, perhaps, than when he first left home, but bronzed and more manly looking. There is no opening for him in the old country; he has seen where he went wrong the first time, and it seems best on the whole for him to try again. The chances out there seem to be better after all than the nothing here. Ways and means are discussed and finally arranged, and he starts back again, less confident, but full of hope. Perhaps he

is bringing a wife with him to soften the rigour of his exile. This brings us to a very important factor in the career of the English ranchman, with which we shall hope to deal in another article.

Now surely, if ever, he ought to get along all right. He has got over his first flounderings. He has had a chance to redeem himself. He has gained experience of the kind that sticks. He knows better how to do things, is a better judge of values, is used by this time to the people. He is on his legs again, free from debt, and with some money in hand. Now surely, if he is the honest, willing fellow you claim he is, he will go along and succeed.

And yet he does not; that is, an enormous percentage of such men do not. They will last longer this time, may perhaps last a lifetime, but few, very few, will lift themselves above the point where they live from day to day, as it were, to a point where the income exceeds in any degree the actual necessities, where there will be anything to put by.

'*Patria quis exsul se quoque fugit?*' The same causes that urged him with such rapid strides down the hill are still in operation. Though modified, they are not entirely removed, and though they may be slower to take effect, their effect is there, subtle and insidious, though not so apparent. He has his faults so far in check that they may no longer drive him headlong to ruin, but between ruin and success lies the wide channel of mediocrity, and it is there that most of those who do not succumb again will be found.

There is one cause which has been and remains prejudicial to him throughout his career, and that is his nationality. It makes little difference in this regard whether he has naturalised himself or not, though it does make some. But there is, and there is no use in blinking it, a strong feeling in the West against Englishmen, and when they say Englishmen nine times out of every ten, they mean Englishmen of the class we are considering.

This old-time prejudice, handed down, one supposes, from father to son, renewed by the Civil War, fostered by the newspapers of to-day, is to be found in full force and vigour among the partially educated classes this side of the Missouri River. There is a *prima facie* case against every Englishman, and the onus is on him to disprove it. Undeniably as usual, we have ourselves to thank for it in great measure. Apart from the original prejudice I have spoken of, the dislike of the native has been increased by the foolish behaviour of too many Englishmen them-

selves. They have too often, as is matter of common complaint everywhere against us, disregarded their neighbours' prejudices and offended their taste. The silly things that young Englishmen do are not looked on with an indulgent eye, but excite an angry contempt greater than the circumstances call for. The natives see such foolish things done by Englishmen, that they conclude all Englishmen are fools. They are on the watch to fiercely resent the slightest indication of superiority on the part of the Englishman, and are apt to take offence where giving it was never dreamed of. The knee-breeches and blucher boots and the English saddle he nearly always brings with him, and invariably discards before long, seem to act on them as a red rag does on a bull. The spendthrifts and scapegraces alluded to at the beginning of this article create a very unfavourable impression. When a man is drinking he is apt to say what he thinks, and a foolish comparison between the two countries, to the disadvantage of the one he is in, may cause an explosion of wrath which shows the depth of the smouldering feeling. An Eastern American of the same class as the Englishman going through his money and, generally speaking, making a fool of himself, does not excite the same bitterness.

They dislike Englishmen in the abstract. It would seem to be almost a religion with them. The English labourer or mechanic, however, is so much more one of themselves that he calls for little remark, and the feeling of dislike is not actively aroused. But let there come into the neighbourhood an 'English outfit' such as I have been describing, and let the follies and 'crazy breaks' begin, and the latent feeling springs into life. It is not necessarily manifested outwardly in everyday life under ordinary circumstances, though some of the younger men may offer an opportunity for a quarrel if the Englishman wishes to take it up; but it is there, and he has to live it down. He will do this sooner or later in his own circle, according as he is adaptable or not, but as soon as he goes outside his circle he meets with it again.

This undercurrent of hostility is a factor in the Englishman's want of success more or less potential in proportion as he has made himself disagreeable or pleasant. In the cattle business on the prairies it was a great drawback, and no doubt was the direct and primary cause of many failures. In ranching there are numberless ways in which the good will of one's neighbours can help materially, or their bad will injure, notably in the case of stray stock, where a neighbour may have it in his power to do a good turn or to refrain. He may save a man days of riding by

bringing home with him some stray animal which he knows to be his neighbour's along with his own 'bunch.' And he will do it if he likes you, and if he does not he will not put himself out. Many other instances could be given, did space allow. Suffice it to say that the sooner the Englishman divests himself of his insularities, the sooner his neighbours will take to him, and he had better do it if he wants to get along.

What, then, to sum up, are our Englishman's chances in his second essay? Will he become prosperous this time, or will he just live, or will he fail entirely?

It depends, of course, on the man himself. This, I suppose, is 'the personal equation' the political economists talk about. To raise himself out of the ranks of the daily toilers requires, as we have seen, a capacity for incessant, not intermittent, work, and the closest economy of time and money. If he will scale down his expenditure to the lowest fraction of a cent, and resolutely turn from all forms of amusement, not merely refusing to look on the wine when it is red, but shunning innocent amusements with equal horror, as leading to expense and a sacrifice of time still more precious; if he will take no holiday, but fill in the time, when nothing is immediately urgent, with work on his fences and irrigating ditches, clearing up land, or 'grubbing' willows, or it matters not what of the hundred jobs there always are on a ranch which every ranchman tells himself he will do some time, work from which there is no immediate return, but which will pay by-and-by; if he will work fourteen hours a day and take his rest in the evening thumping a churn, and spend his Sundays washing and mending his clothes; if he will do this for several years, and, above all, if he has been in the right place and has not been bestowing his time and labour on a piece of land which will repay no pains, as too frequently has been the case; and if, once more, he has thoroughly assimilated the principle of 'your extremity my opportunity,' he will probably find himself on the road to success. But to follow this régime for a term of years implies an iron resolution and tenacity of purpose which are, to say the least, very remarkable qualities, and which would, in almost any other field of energy, have gained for their possessor a fortune, instead of, at best, a competence.

Such a path is too straight. As a matter of fact, very few ranchmen, native or English, follow it very long. Needless to say, the man trained to labour is more apt to do so than the English gentleman. The return the ranch will yield with a good

deal less than this amount of work will just suffice for a living, nor will it yield this much without its owner finding his time very fully occupied. But this is all it will do, and it is all he need expect, unless he knows himself capable of the continuous effort indicated above, and he cannot know it until he has tried it.

To this bare living the majority of ranchmen resign themselves, and happy are they if, during the past ten years, they have had a living and have their property clear to-day. In fact, so scarce are such men that they may be counted among the number of the successful. What wonder that the many faint by the way, or that after a while they ask themselves if there is not some easier and more profitable road to travel? The question 'Is it worth while?' must arise in their minds. For even supposing the odds are not so overwhelming as I represent, they are still heavy, and the life is at best hard, dreary and monotonous. If it were each of these and paying withal, the question 'Is it worth while?' could only be answered by a hearty affirmative in these days of cutthroat competition. My reply to any young fellow who should ask if it would be wise to go and try it would then be: 'Yes, go by all means. You can't live a healthier life. You can do very well without comfort for a little while; you will learn to be useful in a hundred ways. Go and tough it out there for a few years, and then come back and enjoy yourself.' If this was a reasonable hope, then truly the youngster who crosses the water with high hopes would be doing well for himself, but alas! how different is the reality! He gives up at one blow almost everything our latter-day civilisation has invented for the ease and charm of life, and reverts to the crudest form of barbaric simplicity. He lives without a tithe of the comforts of his American neighbours, who, never having known or expected anything better, have no reason to be dissatisfied. For the first year or two of his exile he is buoyed by the hope that it is but temporary—that in four years, say, he will go back and pay a visit, and in five more return, if not for good, at least prosperous, able to give a good account of himself, and with a thriving business to go back to. Soon he recognises that it is going to be a longer job than he thought for, and by degrees it dawns on him that here is his life's employment, unless fortune favours him in some other way. This does not come as a shock, for the awakening has been gradual; but whether his choice was a wise one or not is a reflection which cannot but cross his mind in the silent watches of the night, in the long and lonely rides after stock, in

the wearisome journey back from town in the waggon. As years roll on, he feels his youth slipping away from him, and with it his capacity for enjoyment, and he asks himself: For what have I gone through all this?—for the barest of bare livings. There should be some comfort for him in the thought that, after all, if he had taken the bank-clerkship, or the stool in a solicitor's office, or the ushership in a private school, which is all the old country had to offer to his modest merits, he would have eaten his heart out as time went on and he was still stationary. At all events, he will be wise to remember he has made a strike for liberty and independence, and if he has failed, he has done so out of sight and hearing.

There is a machine sometimes used in 'placer' mining on a small scale which is on the principle of a sieve. It is a box with either three or four false bottoms, all but the last one pierced with holes, the size of which diminishes as the floors descend. Sometimes the floors are made of slate placed at diminishing distances. Into this box the 'dirt' is shovelled, water is poured on the mass, and the box set in motion. On the first floor are caught the rocks and pebbles, on the second the smaller stuff, on the third the smaller still. To the bottom floor, which is covered with a piece of Brussels carpet, the precious metal has gravitated and is there retained.

If we stretch our imagination a little, and suppose the Englishmen who come over and essay ranching put through a similar machine, the result would be strictly analogous. On the first floor we should find the spendthrift and the lazy; on the second, the half-lazy, the workers by fits and starts, those whose judgment is poor; on the third, those who, though industrious, are still careless, who have not adjusted their expenditure to their income, and those whom bad luck has overtaken, it may be, through no fault of their own. We are down on the carpet now. Those who are on it will be in the same proportion to the entire number as the gold to a ton of ordinary placer dirt, and they will have a corresponding value.

The Master of Balliol.

I SOMETIMES think,' the late Master of Balliol once said, 'that the only chance of a biography containing a true representation of any man is when he writes it himself. He knows his own character, and can with propriety depreciate himself. But his friends are always softening and improving him; they are afraid of telling his faults lest the public should exaggerate them.' 'You,' he added later, addressing a man who had written his own life, 'you have not quite done yourself justice; but the public will correct that.'

There is much to be said for the Master's view. Provided that the writer of an autobiography desires to make his picture veracious, it is undeniable that he enjoys special facilities for success; while, if self-depreciation be his object—a curious and significant one, by the way, to take for granted—it is also true that there are convincing touches about a man's self-accusations which are scarcely to be found elsewhere. In Montesquieu's case, we are all the more persuaded that shyness was, as he tells us, 'the scourge of his life,' because of the haste with which he proceeds, almost in the same breath, to modify the statement by citing the occasions upon which, in spite of his infirmity, he had displayed, to a conspicuous degree, the gifts of readiness and grace! A man can, so to speak, trust his character in his own hands, and a certain indomitable faith in himself gives him courage to be true. If he is not infallible, at least he comes nearer to it than can be possible to any other authority.

And, such being the case, and realising, as Professor Jowett did, the necessary inadequacy of any second-hand account of such matters, one cannot but feel that he did himself and posterity an injustice in leaving that undone which could be accomplished in its fulness by himself alone.

There were so many Jowetts! That is what, looking back,

strikes one first of all. There was the Jowett, for instance, who was the pioneer of a religious movement; there was Jowett, philosopher, teacher, scholar; there was Jowett, the cordial and skilful host, entertaining at his house, year by year, the men and women of most note in contemporary England; there was the Jowett of legendary fame—the Jowett who, by some caprice of the public, has been popularised in the general mind as the true Master of Balliol—a Jowett unsympathetic and cold, deliberately causing discomfort to shy undergraduates, habitually embarrassing his guests with intentional silences, dealing in sharp speeches, of which the unkindliness dominated the wit—the Jowett, in fact, of the innumerable anecdotes which have gathered round his name, and of which the portrait, so often and so persistently presented, does not strike his friends so much in the light of a caricature—since a caricature should be, at the least, an easily recognisable exaggeration of truth—as in that of a Jowett-myth, with regard to which they hesitate between laughter and anger. And besides all these Jowetts, each in his measure familiar to the general public, there was another Jowett less well known—the Jowett with which this paper is alone concerned—the Jowett of his friends, the kindly, intimate, and affectionate companion; the shrewd yet indulgent observer, ready at all times to impart to those of less experience the results of his observations upon human life, the steadfast, just, and wide-minded counsellor.

It is in this last character of all—as the wise and unprejudiced counsellor—that he perhaps remains as most truly himself in the memory of many, especially of such as belonged to a younger generation. A guide by habit and nature and profession, it was then that the functions of friend and philosopher and teacher found themselves most intimately associated and allied, and the desire, almost amounting to anxiety, that such as were beginning life should not throw away their chances of making the best of it, was a distinct and marked feature in his intercourse with them. One could almost have imagined that he felt a sense of responsibility in the matter, even with regard to those as to whom he might fairly have disclaimed it. A wasted life, or the chance of a wasted life, seemed to come home to him as a personal loss. He would have liked, at least, to secure to everyone a fair start, and, so far as in him lay, it was his custom to leave no means untried to supply them with the necessary equipment for the race.

‘I always wonder,’ he once wrote, ‘why there is so little communication of experience in the world. Why should not a

young man be put in possession from the first of many things which he slowly and painfully acquires?' adding, with a touch of personal reminiscence, 'I know the world now to some extent, but I often wonder to think how utterly ignorant of it I was when I began life.'

No doubt he had learnt to know the world—none who were acquainted with him could question it. And yet, is there not a relic of the past ignorance of which he speaks in his confidence in the efficacy of the communication of second-hand experience? That helplessness, however, which most people have had to confess in the matter of utilising for other than selfish purposes the lessons that life has taught them the Master never acknowledged. Industrious and persistently he strove to impart that acquired lore. Everywhere, as one looks back through the years and turns over the memorials of long intercourse, everywhere one is met by touches which testify to the attempt, apparent alike in the brief notes of a busy man at work and in the long talks of a busy man at leisure—touches almost too slight for quotation, yet often contained in sentences which recorded themselves in the memory of those to whom they were addressed with the sharpness of delicate aphorism and the clearness of well-weighed and intentional counsel—counsel well calculated, if not to dispel enthusiasms, at least to enforce realities. Nevertheless, enemy of illusions as he undoubtedly was, there were lessons which one felt he did not desire should be too early learnt. A conversation recurs to the memory when he asked the question—he was fond of such questioning—whether his companion felt a certainty in the sure continuance of any friendship soever after the lapse of twenty years, and the sense of regret upon his part, rather silent than expressed, at the confession, endorsed though it was by his own judgment, that in such matters hope takes precedence of assurance. And there followed advice as to the treatment to be accorded to a failing friendship—advice both characteristic and wise—it was to be let go, but to be let go gently, without harshness or unkindness. In his own case, fortunate as he had no doubt been with regard to such ties, it had been inevitable that the line of thought with which he had been so prominently associated should have estranged him from some of those who had been his earlier friends, and the impression conveyed by the conversation, fresh in the memory after the lapse of years, was that the advice he gave represented the line of conduct he himself had pursued.

If he invited confidence, he was ready to give it. If he sometimes invited it in vain, it was perhaps due to a certain timidity

which he undoubtedly inspired, and which was possibly owing to the presence of a corresponding quality in himself.

‘What a curious thing shyness is,’ he writes to a friend, ‘having such hidden sympathies and antipathies, never knowing what to say, and yet sometimes pouring out its feelings like a flood—what acute pain it causes to the sufferer! leading to all sorts of misunderstandings You,’ he continues, ‘know what it is, *as I also do*, though the recollection of it grows less vivid as time goes on.’

The italics are our own; but what a curious light the little confession throws upon some of those anecdotes, appertaining to what we have called the Oxford myth, and which are so strangely at variance with the breadth of sympathy, the tolerant appreciation, and the indulgent kindness which were felt by those who knew him to be the special fruit of that acquaintanceship with life which he would so willingly have handed on, had it been possible, to younger men!

The breadth of his sympathy was very characteristic of it. It is indeed an essential, though not an altogether common, element in anything worthy of the name that it should not be bounded by personal tastes; and in the Master’s case he was at all times ready to bring his advice and influence to bear even upon such subjects as might naturally have been expected to lie beyond the range of his interests. That the subject should be of interest to *someone* was indeed necessary; and if a topic were introduced as mere subject-matter for conversation, he was apt to see through the device, and, ignoring by silence the common convention by which conversationalists tacitly agree to discuss what is of interest to neither, to decline to countenance the artifice. But once let the subject be of real importance to his friends, and, no matter of what nature it might be, his sympathy was always at their service. Nor did he grudge trouble or pains in making it of practical use. As a reader and critic of fiction, for instance, he would probably appear to many in a new light, yet a long and careful letter, sent, unsolicited, to the writer of a romance, presents him in this character, blending as it does praise and blame, encouragement and warning and advice, all with the care and deliberation of a man who feels himself, even in the matter of the production of fiction, a responsible counsellor.

‘I had no inclination to lay the book down, which is a good test of a tale of romance,’ he goes on, after bestowing his generous meed of encouragement, well weighed. ‘Now, shall I make some

adverse criticisms? They will seem very harsh and unfeeling, but you must remember that they are only made from the point of view of one person. . . . A reader of fiction does not want to be puzzled, but amused, and perhaps a little inspired. . . . I seek for something natural, and if I am to have the supernatural, I want it to be consistent, and to create for me a world that I can imagine. . . . The style is very finished and poetical, but also conveys the impression that it is too finished, like some of Mr. Pater's books. The good writer should not be found out to be a good writer, because he should fill the reader with his subject and not with his style.' And the 'harsh and unfeeling' criticisms close, after the patient discussion of matter, method, and manner, with the explanation that they have been made 'partly out of affection for you, and partly from a censorious nature in myself,' and with clear and practical advice as to future work.

Of the depth as well as the breadth of his sympathy it is more difficult to give any account in such a manner as to bring the realisation of it home to those who had not known him in the intimate light of what may be termed a *home* friend. There are relationships which belong to the unquotable part of a man's life; to 'paint an echo' were surely as easy a task as, in another art, to portray an affection. Records of the kind, with their breach of the instinctive reserve which should constitute the dignity of affection, are apt to read, like the tombstone epitaphs on lost felicities, more like an act of sacrilege than a tribute of homage. A friendship—to give affection its wedded name—should, to quote once more Jowett's own words, be its own biographer. And yet no sketch, however slight, would be complete which did not include the acknowledgment of his constancy in the matter of these ties.

Such constancy is a virtue more rare than one altogether likes to admit, and to read the correspondence even of those who have enjoyed a good reputation in the matter, is to recognise the instability of human nature with regard to bonds uncemented by blood, and to be a reluctant witness of unconscious self-betrayal as one friend recedes into the background to be replaced by another, till the occasional note which is the substitute for the old intimate outpourings, comes only as an unwelcome reminder that the separation had not been due, as one could almost have hoped, to the 'darker grace of death,' but to the sadder alienation resulting from time and life and circumstance. In Jowett's life, however, friendship was permitted to suffer no loss by the lapse of years, nor did he allow those observances which are the outward sign of the inward grace to fall into desuetude.

The regularity and punctuality with which his visits were paid lent to them, indeed, something of the pleasant and grateful character of a traditional custom.

'I shall hope to come and see you,' he writes in a note which has escaped destruction, ' (if you are not tired of me), at the same time of the year and on the same day of the week as for the last ten or twelve years. . . . It must be about twenty-eight years since we met.' 'The day of the year is coming round on which I hope to visit you'—the sentence repeats itself as, spring by spring, the 'Thursday' approaches when, 'according to custom,' he would visit the home of the friend of that large fraction of a lifetime. Of the visits then paid the recollection remains, as such things do, now clear, as some salient point stands out, now misted by the years which lie between, but always marked by the same character of cheerful content, of open satisfaction in the society of his friends, and of ready sympathy and interest in whatever might be going on around. No guest was ever so easily pleased, just as none was more ready to exert himself to please. Of the conversations which filled up those days, conversations sometimes carried on over the fire late into the night (for on such occasions he was fond of lengthening the evenings out), conversations when, as often happened, he was the only guest, or others when more were present—of all these much has, of course, been effaced by the inevitable action of years, whilst here and there a characteristic expression, or a descriptive touch, has stamped itself upon the memory, and shines like the sharp edge of a crystal through the dust-heap of time; such as, for instance, the saying that 'commonplace people are the real originals,' or the description—given, be it remembered, by a friend, none warmer—of Lord Tennyson going to his room after dinner and talking 'in a violent manner of the immortality of the soul.'

Here and there, too, roughly jotted down at the time, some few notes record the drift and variety of the topics touched, a record bald and inconsequent, as such registers must necessarily be, yet sufficient to recall the pleasant lingering breakfasts or dinners, with their widely ranging talk. Here, for instance, we light upon an evening when it is plain that the subjects discussed were chosen with a view to the Master's fellow-guest, a Roman Catholic of eminence.

'They talked,' so the notes run, 'about various divines, especially Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. He and Newman

had lived for years close to one another in Dublin, and, though they were old friends, had never met. When somebody said to Whately that ultra-Protestants followed their consciences, he answered, "Yes, as a man in a gig follows his horse, by driving it before him." Mr. Jowett says that Pusey influenced by force of character; he was not at all critical or intellectually deep. When Newman, after he was Cardinal, went to see him at Oxford, he was so deaf that he could hear nothing, and, consequently, was obliged to talk all the time. The Master thinks sermons only less ephemeral than novels. Those of some time back, as Chalmers', are intolerable now from their rhetoric and bad taste. Mrs. Julius Hare told her husband that *he* must write Sterling's life, or Carlyle would do it, and in such an unchristian spirit. It was really Hare's life that partly, at least, made Carlyle write his own.'

Here, too, is the Professor at the breakfast table.

'At breakfast Tennyson was discussed, Mr. Jowett denying that what had been said of Wordsworth, that "within the great man there was a little man," was true also of him, though he had little things in him. The want of humour, original or appreciative, was talked of. Mr. Jowett says Gladstone can make a few jokes of his own, but cannot see other people's. Goulburn, he says, is an instance of a man who has humour of a kind, but fails to see the humour of *situations*. In preaching once at Rugby chapel he said, speaking of evil existing everywhere, that "even in the ark there was a Ham," then, seeing that the boys had caught the joke, he added "that, of course, he meant the patriarch." Talking of Dr. Arnold, he said that he was too powerful, too strong a man for his position—he stamped upon the boys and crushed them. He was the reverse of sympathetic. If you were in great trouble he would, perhaps, help you more than anyone else; but if, as someone suggested, you were a little happy, he would have no sympathy to spare. Arnold had said himself that he could never see a group of boys round the fire without seeing the devil among them. . . . Speaking about good talkers, the Master said a really good talker must talk *from a character*. . . . He told a story of a man who, on hearing that he had a mortal complaint, only exclaimed, "I was always lucky. I insured my life last week."

It would have been difficult to find a subject upon which he was not more or less at home. It is probable, for instance, that the works of Monro, the author of the *Allegories* which delighted and terrorised the children of an earlier generation with their

picturesque charm and atmosphere of religious melodrama, are among the books which only survive as schoolroom relics. Yet, forgotten as they are, and at best belonging to a type of literature most unlikely to commend itself to the taste of the Master of Balliol, we find him discussing the subject in no unsympathetic spirit. 'He told us a good deal about Monro, whom he knew. He says he had a touch of genius, felt very intensely, but was not strong. He looked like an enthusiast. . . . Talking of the Irvingite Church, he said he had never seen a congregation like the one which belonged to it. It was so *undecided*. The people, by their faces and otherwise, gave the impression not so much of earnest worship as of waiting for someone—waiting for the Lord. . . . He thinks that democracy, by giving political equality makes social inequalities more marked. The difficulty of mixing classes is only unfelt by someone who gives up his whole life, his means, and himself. In that case, if he does not find a home everywhere, and in all cases, he does not care if he does not.'

To the Master's own views in politics, together with his characteristic caution in expressing them, a note introducing a candidate for a seat in Parliament bears witness.

'I never know exactly,' he writes, 'on which side you are in politics. I rather think that you have the political opinions of all sensible people. So has Mr. —'

He was fond of the discussion of practical morality. Upon the much-vexed question of the permissibility of lying in certain given cases, his opinion was once given with characteristic clearness. A man might be justified in lying, but he might not justify the falsehood afterwards. In the notes to which reference has been made, the discussion of a kindred subject, fair payments *versus* bargains, and commercial honesty is recorded.

'Someone had come to him with a question of the kind. It was impossible, he told him, to put the proper amount of work into the execution of orders and yet to make his business pay. Owing to the general prevalence of cheating, it was a choice between ruin and dishonesty. The Master advised a middle course, to do as much as he could, not to ruin himself, nor to act perfectly well. At the same time, he did not deny that that course involved a little lying.'

And so the talk went on, anecdote, discussion, descriptive touches, altogether making up a whole of which the memory will remain, a thing by itself, in the homes of his friends.

Old age, as it came upon himself, or upon those he loved, had no terrors. 'I never condole with anyone for growing old,' he once wrote, at a time when he, as well as his correspondent, had had personal experience of the process, 'for I do not think that it is a thing, upon the whole, to be regretted. Have we not more peace and quiet in age? and we walk more safely, and are free from many troubles.'

Not even death was allowed to sever the old ties. 'We cannot talk with them,' he writes to the living of the dead; 'but we can think of them and love them still.'

And so, when the end came, he quitted life with his hands, as it were, still full of her gifts; for, to quote what has been said of another theologian of a very different type, his was one of those rare natures with whom, as years go by, 'friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death.'

I. A. TAYLOR.

A Finland Paradise.

FINLAND, or Fen-land: the land of fens, 'the country of a thousand lakes'; in Finnish Suomen-maa: 'the swampy region.' The root *suom*, if not related to our own *swamp*—which is a matter upon which the present writer can give no opinion worth having—at all events appears to have the same meaning, and is quite near enough to please the ear of plain people with a neat, amateur appreciation for roots. It is indeed a country of a thousand lakes—ten thousand. Glance at the map; it almost makes a man's eyes water to look at it! As represented there, the entire country appears to be more water than dry land; the inhabitants must surely be obliged to get about the place in boats—or goloshes, you will think—and, oh! what a place for the fishermen! Not the people in smacks and trawlers, I mean; but for men with rods, and lines, and reels, and flies, and phantoms, and landing nets, and so on: think of it—all these fresh-water lakes—a network of ideal corners for the *Salmonidæ*, communicating one with another and with Ladoga and the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia by means of glorious fishing rivers! A place for fishermen indeed.

Look at the map, my dear reader, and consider the province from the point of view of the fish and their habits; it is the fishes' heaven, and being so, it is certainly the paradise of anglers. A glance at the map will show that between Uleaborg in the north and Wiborg in the south there must be many spots which, to the keen fishing man, would in all probability present such piscatorial attractions as would entitle them to be called, as I have called one particular spot about to be described, 'A Finland Paradise.' I believe that the salmon fishing on the Ulea at Uleaborg, for instance, is so excellent that those who have deserted Norway or Scotland in favour of this remote Finnish spot are inclined to go no more a-roving, but to cry 'Eureka,' and spend the rest of their days by Bothnia's placid waters. But of this I can only speak

from hearsay and from the printed reports of others, and will only add that I have been informed that fishing rights are easily obtainable at Uleaborg; that such rights are absurdly inexpensive; and that there is someone in that distant city who can speak English, and who can put the traveller in the way of getting an introduction into the best salmon society.

But my Finland Paradise is not in far Uleaborg, nor yet in any of the thousand or ten thousand other places which on the testimony of the map of Finland must be equally worthy of the title. I must warn my readers that there is no admission to my paradise, excepting by favour of those happy ones who possess the right to inhabit it. In other words it is not, like Uleaborg and hundreds of other places, accessible to the ordinary travelling man and the itinerant sportsman. Its doors are closed to the public; the fishing is preserved, rightly and jealously preserved.

There is a railway, the Finnish Railway, as it is called, which runs from St. Petersburg to Hango, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. On this railway, at a distance of four hours from St. Petersburg, is Wiborg, the very ancient capital and castle of the Karelian Finns, who were conquered by Torkel Cnutson in 1293. From Wiborg there is a branch line to Imatra, built for the accommodation of tourists anxious to visit the wonderful rapids or falls at the last-named place. Imatra is on a river known variously as the Vuoksen, or the Voksa, which connects the great Saima Lake with the still greater Ladoga; which, again, is connected with the open sea, as all the world knows, by the Neva. The Voksa is, I should think, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Wide and clear as crystal, we have nothing like it in England; it has no tide to yellow it, no navigation to stir and distress its calm depths; the fish—grayling and trout love it, and so does every human creature who has ever set eyes upon it, and who knows how to appreciate a big, free, clean, noble river when he sees it.

Lake Saima is a long sheet of water measuring from end to end one hundred and fifty miles or more, being quite as long as Ladoga itself, though much narrower and studded all over with islands. Saima is full of fish—great lake trout and others of the *Salmonidae*, together with numberless other finny creatures of less exalted birth and parentage. Now all these fish occasionally pine, if not for actual sea travel, at least for such change of air and diet as a little wandering in running water can afford them. This they can only obtain by visiting the sole existing outlet

(excepting the Saima Canal, leading to the Gulf of Finland, which cannot count as a river) to the entire hundred and fifty miles of lake, the Voksa.

Now, just where the Voksa takes its departure from the Saima upon its journey of fifty-or-so miles to the Ladoga, the Saima Lake narrows into a round basin of about a quarter of a mile in diameter, which basin forms a kind of ante-room to the river, which starts out bravely from the western end thereof in a glorious rapid, the descent being considerable, and the consequent draw of current throughout the basin very strong, though not very perceptible at the surface. Through this basin, or ante-room, known as Harraka, every single fish which desires to visit the river from the lake, or *vice versa*, must pass as through a turnpike gate; and many is the fish that has had to pay blood-toll for the privilege. The basin is at all times crammed with fish; it is their recognised rendezvous; it is Harraka, the paradise *par excellence* of the Voksa; the place to which all good fishermen should go when they die, unless they know of a better. I don't.

This paradise was, until a few years ago, in the hands of a few Englishmen, residents in St. Petersburg, who discovered it and acquired the rights of enjoying it as a fishing club. They built unto themselves a comfortable and most convenient lodge, just at the very spot where Voksa, in froth and delicious chatter of bounding rapids, bids farewell of Saima and starts exuberantly on his race to Ladoga, little dreaming of the fearful gauntlet to be run, a few miles away, at Imatra. These thrice happy Britishers, I repeat, acquired Paradise: they planted their feet in the Garden of Eden; they tasted of the delights of Harraka for several seasons, and then by misfortune they lost it. By some most deplorable accident the letting of the place went past them, and Harraka, the paradise of anglers, became a beautiful memory and nothing more. The flaming sword of jealous proprietorship stood for ever between them and the lost Eden of their happiness.

Then those men did the next best thing open to them. They secured a small island a few miles lower down the river, together with the fishing rights around it for a space of a mile or so, and upon that island, known as Varpa-Saari, they pitched their tent, building a charming house, engaging fishermen well acquainted with every inch of the newly acquired water, and, in a word, making the best of what was distinctly a 'bad job.'

Varpa-Saari is not Harraka. But since, according to some learned commentators, there are seven heavens, if Harraka is the seventh, Varpa may surely lay claim to be called one of the remaining six. It is, in truth, a very delightful place. The river is here some three hundred yards in width, and is divided by the island into two channels, both of which show their teeth as they angrily pass the obstruction in a tumult of noisily chattering and scolding rapids on either side. Around the island platforms have been built jutting out into the turbulent water for the convenience of those who wish to try for the favours of grayling or trout with fly, in preference to spinning for them with a minnow from a boat.

It was the delightful privilege of the writer to spend a portion of this past summer of 1894 in the land of the Tsar; and to me, ready and anxious for every kind of exploit, whether with rod or gun, came my friend C. G., whilom a member of the Paradise Lost of Harraka, now one of the proprietors of Varpa-Saari, with hospitable proposals, which ended in the speedy getting together of our respective gladstones and the collection, on my part, of a great number of borrowed rods and reels and flies and minnows and other piscatorial paraphernalia, and our prompt departure upon a three days' sojourn in the delicious retreats of Varpa Island. It cannot, I should think, be much more than sixty miles from St. Petersburg to Wiborg, but the trains of the Finnish line are imbued with all the dignity and deliberation which are inherent in the Finnish character, and they do not hurry themselves. A good English express would do the journey in an hour; the Wiborg express occupies the best part of four. But the carriages are certainly comfortable and run very smoothly.

There is a custom-house somewhere between the two great cities named—I think it is at Tereyoki—but we are not asked to disclose the secrets of our gladstones or to reveal the riches of our superbly appointed commissariat, for C. G. is the most hospitable of hosts as well as the most talented of caterers, and his arrangements for our three days' exile in the wilds of Finland are such as to strangle in the birth my vague ideas of prospective 'roughing it.'

So we glide slowly and smoothly through the south-eastern portion of the Land of Fens, which, so far, greatly resembles the Russia we have just left; and if we look out for one of the thousand lakes we do not see it, and shall not until Wiborg itself is reached;

though, as it happens, I know of several further inland—old familiar places where in former days I have angled for many large perch and pike, killed many a duck, missed many a snipe, enjoyed many a happy hour. It is hot with all the closeness of the Russian July; but, fortunately, this is the Finnish railway, and though we manufacture a delightful draught by opening the windows on both sides of the carriage, we are not threatened for this reason with the terrors and tortures to which those are subjected who infringe the by-laws of the company. It was but a few days before that, travelling upon a Russian line, and feeling asphyxiated by the heat of the carriage, I had, in my innocence, let down the windows on both sides. Instantly a guard rushed up and closed one, that on the side from which the infinitesimal air that existed happened to be blowing. I protested. The guard expressed horror: there would be a draught, he explained. I hastened to assure him that that was exactly what I most wished to bring about, and made as though to reopen the window which he had closed. But this the guard would not permit. I should catch cold, he said, and the company could not dream of allowing their passengers to catch cold. I protested, but in vain, and eventually I went to stand upon the balcony outside. But, alas! this also, it appeared, was not permissible just at present, and that for a peculiar reason: a train conveying some member of the Imperial family was to meet us presently, and no man might stand outside until it had safely passed. In the end I was compelled to return to the stifling carriage, wherein I was cooked to a turn by the time I reached my destination.

But if the train from St. Petersburg to Wiborg is slow, what shall be said of that from the latter place to Imatra? Yet why, after all, should anything be said? It was evening and cooler now. The country had grown more characteristically Finnish. Here and there were small lakes, the outposts of the thousand, the ten thousand, that lay calm and majestic somewhere beyond. We were in Finland now beyond a doubt.

But C. G. has a surprise for me—for me who have never been in this part of the world before—have never even seen Imatra. We shall be at a station called St. Andrea soon, he tells me, and then I shall see something which will interest me. What? I am to wait; it shall burst upon my sight.

It does. It bursts upon my sight in all the calm beauty of its wide, white, gleaming, rippling majesty—the Voksa. At this distant spot, dedicated to the first Englishman probably who ever

set foot in Finland, St. Henry,¹ my delighted English eyes catch their first glimpse of the ideal river—a river any Englishman would love at first sight. And what a spot for the fisherman! As I live, there is one at it down there. I can see him from the train whipping merrily at the rapids beneath the railway bridge! Instantly all the apathy of the long, slow journey is swallowed up in the enthusiasm of the angler; I feel inclined to wave my cap from the window and cry, like Xenophon's men, 'Thalatta, thalatta!' Happy Bishop Henry, friend of Eric IX. of Sweden, who, about 1120, an Englishman, though Bishop of Upsala, brought Bible and sword and conquered and converted this pleasant land for his master, and became patron saint thereof. St. Andrea is delightfully situated indeed. I wonder whether our canonised countryman who gave his name to it was ever here? St. Andrea sounds and reads more like St. Andrew than St. Henry, but I may explain that Henrys are always Andrews in Russia, just as William is changed to Basil, Edward to Dmitry, Bernard to Boris, and so on, because where names do not exist in the calendar, substitutes have had to be found. In the case of Henry, the Finns appear to have followed the example of their neighbours, and to have changed Henry into Andrea. St. Andrew himself is connected with Russia, but in no way, I believe, with Finland. This saint is said to have travelled, preaching the Gospel, from the Holy Land to Byzantium, and thence along the Black Sea to the Danube, crossing that river and reaching eventually the Dnieper. Here he went up country as far as the spot where Kief was afterwards built, and in this place, before turning to retrace his steps to Byzantium, he uttered a long prophecy as to the size and importance of the city which should one day stand in that site, and which should be dedicated to the faith which he had then come to preach. So much for the Saints Andrew and Henry, either of whom may claim, as far as names go, the honour of affording one to the remote Finnish village close to which the beautiful Voksa is first seen by the tourist.

Thence to Imatra is not far, and from Imatra to Varpa-Saari is a short drive of three miles or so, past the renowned 'falls,'

¹ Finland has been a Christian country since the early part of the twelfth century, when Eric IX. of Sweden, accompanied by Henry, Bishop of Upsala, an Englishman, planted Christianity together with the Swedish flag in the hitherto heathen province. In the thirteenth century another English divine, Bishop Thomas, did his best to teach the Finns to shake off the Swedish yoke and become subject to the Pope alone, but in this he failed. The Finns have been Protestants since about 1530.

about which I shall have more to say later. My friend and I accomplish this distance luxuriously in a spring cart, the commissariat following in a second vehicle. The roads in Finland are not like the roads in Russia. The Finnish roads are civilised and may be driven upon without fatal results.

It was past eleven now, of a glorious July night, and in the white northern twilight, which is nearly daylight, we cantered up to the riverside and drew up at the spot where a landing stage has been made, communicating by means of an overhead wire over the Voksa with the island in mid-stream. The house is upon the island, and from the wire, at the island end, depends a bell. A tug at our end sets this bell clanging and a dog barking, destroying the calm majesty of the night in an instant and causing dogs in all directions, far and near, to respond to the canine voice from mid-river in sleepy, querulous accents, as though barking were a terrible bore, but must be done out of conscientious motives. While we wait for the boat which is to take us across we hear ourselves hailed in English from some point hidden in the midnight mystery of the river, and when our eyes have located the sound we discover two boats swimming silently side by side, looking all one piece with the water, mystic, wonderful! It is J. H. and E. H., who have driven over from their lovely home a few miles below Imatra for a night's fishing in the Varpa waters. Slowly the two boats approach—it seems a sin to murder the marvel of the stillness by speaking—like two swans they swim towards us in the white twilight. Are we awake, and is all this really happening, or are these the creatures of a sleep-picture, and the witchery of the midnight Voksa a mere dream of unreal delight? The winding of two reels and C. G.'s hearty enquiry as to 'what sport' has been enjoyed by these two midnight fishers put to flight all ideas of the unreality of things, and in a very few minutes we are each seated in a boat and crossing the gleaming, rippling, hurrying Voksa towards the little island which is to be our home for the next three days. As we reach the landing-stage at the island we find a sleepy Finn fisherman just preparing a boat, in response to our bell-summons, to take us across; but our friends have saved him this trouble. They land us, and away they float again, the two light craft moving noiselessly over the broad river propelled by the fisherman-Finn in the bows, and in the dim and mysterious distance we can hear the soft *crake, crake* of their reels as the lines are let out once more after having been wound in in compliment to ourselves. Before we are out of hearing there is a *whirr*,

and we know that the phantom of one of them has found a billet.

Then up through leafy paths to the house, with only the murmur of water audible, but that from every side; with here a gleam and there a gleam between the trees, and everything else silence and shady darkness and mystery, and one's very soul feeling half numbed with the wonder of being in such a place and at such a time.

As for the house, it is the ideal of what a fishing lodge should be, with its racks for rods outside and in; its glorious roomy balcony dining-room, its large central sitting-room and its half-dozen or more of most excellent bedrooms, each commanding a more fascinating view over trees and river than its next neighbour, and each with the perpetual sing-song of the gentle mother Voksa to sing the tired angler to sleep with her eternal lullaby.

And now, as C. G. most appropriately observes, a little supper. The night and the place and the circumstances are about as full of poetry as such things can be; my very soul seems steeped in mysticism, and the witchery of the surroundings has made a poet of me to my very backbone; but—well, they did not give us time to eat at Wiborg, nor at St. Andrea, nor anywhere else, and the very word 'supper' is sufficient to send poetry to the winds and to convert the poet into the ravening wolf until the leeway of the appetite has been made up. Luckily there is plenty to eat and it is ready to hand. Julia, the Finn cook, a neat, clean-looking person who cannot speak or understand a single word of Russian or anything else but Finnish—Julia has baked some quite delicious bread; and there is Finnish butter—none of your 'Dosset' this!—and C. G.'s baskets contain town-bought dainties of the very best: it is pleasant to sit and enjoy such a supper with the white gleam of the midnight Voksa visible to us wherever we choose to peep for it between the ghostly trees that would screen it from us; and with the soft babble of her waters for ever in our ears, as though they were constantly telling of the wonders in trout and silver grayling that lurk and hide from us in the secret depths beneath; as though each wavelet had such a secret to tell us and were murmuring to us as it passed, 'Down below—just here—oh, such a trout! oh, such a trout! Quick, or he will be off and away!'

There can be no question of sleeping this night. We must fix up our rods and choose our phantom minnows, and go out in boats that are phantoms also, like those ghostly fellows, J. and

E. H., there who can be seen occasionally passing slowly across the white water in the distance, silent, mysterious, intent upon their spinning, two phantoms, in phantom boats and with phantom boatmen, fishing with phantom minnows, rightly so called—all phantoms together! What matter if we catch anything or nothing? We must go, if it be only to steep our souls in the wonderful silence and beauty of this July night on the water, and to drink in the intoxicating delight and novelty of the whole thing.

And in an hour we are there, floating on Voksa's white bosom, propelled softly hither and thither as our boatmen think best; for these men know where the huge silver Voksa and Saima trout most do congregate, and the charm and wonder of the river and of the night are nothing to them so long as some big ten or fifteen pounder can be induced to accept the invitation our cruel blue minnows hold out to them. These superb fish are, so far as I can make out, of three kinds. First, great silvery fellows with bright red spots, for all the world like overgrown brothers of the little river trout. Then there are darker coloured fish, of a golden brown hue, with spots less brightly accentuated, and, I think, larger heads. Of these two kinds the former is the handsomer fish, but both are splendid specimens, and are caught up to twenty-four pounds in weight, C. G. having taken the record in this respect. The third specimen I saw was a fish which I should have called a salmon, but, I believe, erroneously. The Finns have a simple rule. To them all fish over five pounds in weight are 'Lochi,' salmon; German, Lachs; Russian, Los-osino. Now there are plenty of salmon in the Neva, and therefore in Ladoga Lake also; and the reader might suppose that, since the Voksa flows into the Ladoga, there may be salmon in the Voksa just as well as in Ladoga itself. So there may, in the lower parts of the river, but between Ladoga and Saima Lakes there is a barrier, known as the Imatra Falls, which must surely be an insurmountable obstacle to the most enterprising of salmon. The Voksa is a broad, generous, full-flowing river, of three hundred yards in width, which is suddenly compelled at Imatra to compress itself into a narrow gorge of scarcely twenty yards across, and to pass through this as best it can for a distance of a couple of hundred yards or so, after which it is free once more to open itself out to its former wealth of elbow-room. The reader may imagine with how much protest and clamour the surprised and tortured waters of the proud river perform this sudden act of self-compression. Roaring and hissing with rage, they pile them-

selves mountains high in an instant, and sweep down the moderate incline in a furious phalanx of angry wave-warriors, dashing from one rocky side of the gorge to the other, diving, rearing, whirling, plunging, hurling angry hisses of spray to this side and that, and at the foot of the narrow torture-chamber standing up in mighty water-columns and twisting round to face the rock-walls that have confined them, as though they half thought of turning again and rending them ere they depart once more upon their course in unimpeded freedom and gradually regained calm and majesty. The very idea of any salmon mounting in safety such a whirling, battling, irresistible fury of waters as Imatra is surely outrageous. There cannot be salmon above Imatra. The salmon-like lochi must be a salmon trout, or a lake trout, or some one of the non-sea-going families of *Salmonidæ*.

Gazing in wonder at the battling waters in Imatra gorge, I have often wondered how the fish travelling down stream and suddenly arriving at the head of this awful rush—how they know that they have reached a dangerous place and stop themselves from going over and getting dashed to pieces in the descent. The 'falls' are distant but a few miles—five or six—from Saima Lake; and as Saima empties its entire fish population into the Voksa, the population of one hundred and fifty miles of lake, the waters between Saima and Imatra must contain, one would suppose, a considerable number of fish. So they do. The basin at Harraka, the ante-room of the Voksa, which I have mentioned above, is as full of large trout of the kind just described as the air is of dancing flies on a fine summer evening. There are many fish around the delightful island home of the Varpa-Saari Club; but at Harraka—ah! let me tell the reader what I have seen in that paradise. A few more words, and I shall come to it. Hard as my friend C. G. and I worked, both from the platforms with fly and from boat with phantoms of every shape and size likely to attract the monsters down in the depths beneath us, it was all in vain—or nearly in vain. We did, indeed, catch a few fish, but nothing very large, and hardly more than enough to keep us well supplied with toothsome, dainty fare for our own table. We offered those fish the choicest delicacies that London makers could produce; we tempted them with phantoms so fascinating that one would suppose any fish of decently discriminative powers would rise from its moist bed and come out, at night, to feed upon them as they lay on the table within the very house. We dangled these tempting morsels over the very spots where they

were known to lie; but for two days did these Voksa monsters sulk and turn their faces steadfastly from us. There was thunder in the air; that, we concluded, was the mischief; perhaps during Sunday the storm would break. We would try them again on Monday, and meanwhile we would accept J. H.'s hospitable invitation and drive over and spend Sunday with him at his lovely home at Lappin-Haru (the Ridge, or the District, of the Lapps). Those Lapps who chose this spot for their habitation showed a wise discrimination and a taste for natural beauty of scene and site which one would scarcely look for in that unromantic tribe. Lappin-Haru overlooks the Voksa at one of its loveliest bends; a truly noble river, flowing through dense forests and by the side of tidy, cultivated fields; deep and majestic and silent at this corner, and bursting into rippling laughter at that; a river that bears up the swimmer as buoyantly and as securely as the sea, so strong and so full and ample is the beautiful, bright, clear flood of it. My friend J. H.—the representative in St. Petersburg of a family as well known and as widely respected in Russia as it is in England—has built him a house in this corner of the Voksa Paradise, and a splendid house it is. And though in the very wilds of Finland, yet he is in communication with all centres of civilisation by means of the telephone; indeed, you can even speak to him from the island club at Varpa-Saari, a dozen miles away; while the Imatra trains stop for passengers within a mile of his front door. So quickly do the enlightened Finns avail themselves of the discoveries of science that the province is covered with a network of telephones, and no one in town or country dreams of being without this useful adjunct to civilised comfort.

Delightful indeed was it to come into a bit of England that Sunday morning at Lappin-Haru; delightful to hear English voices and to see English ladies and English children so far away from the madding crowd. Certainly a Finland Paradise this for its thrice fortunate proprietors. So Sunday passed, and passed very delightfully; and now Monday, our last day, has come round. I think it is at lunch this Monday afternoon that C. G. has an inspiration.

'I am going,' he says, 'to drive to Imatra and telephone over to Harraka for leave to fish there to-night.' At this I laugh the laugh of the scornful, for it is well known that Harraka is the Paradise Lost of the English fishers, and that the present proprietors stand, figuratively, at the gate armed with the flaming sword of jealousy in order to keep out, with the utmost strictness, every would-be angler in their unique and incomparable waters.

Nevertheless, C. G. insists that he will try. 'Who knows,' he says, 'that a kind and indulgent spirit is not inhabiting for this day only the heart of Count Arnoff!' (which is not the proprietor's real name); 'and, after all, he can but refuse.'

This last proposition is so evidently true that I scoff no more, but allow my sanguine C. G. to proceed upon his way, though secretly remaining of the opinion that Count Arnoff would sooner perish than allow us upon his sacred waters.

Now, how C. G. contrived to exercise his undoubted fascination through the telephone I really cannot possibly imagine; but it is certain that he returned home in a very short time, and that, as I could see by the sunshine of his countenance long before the boat bore him to the landing-stage on the island, where I awaited him, he had been successful. The Count himself was away, but his steward had taken upon himself to grant C. G.'s request for an evening's fishing, and this very night was to see us afloat in the magic basin of Harraka. Paradise was to be regained, for one night only!

Oh! the care with which we dried and attended to our lines and reels; the loving discrimination with which we looked over phantom and totnes and whisky bobbie, and selected the most fascinating that our tin reservoirs could supply. Oh! the anxiety with which we watched the weather during the afternoon, and the deep satisfaction with which we noted that all things tended towards the development of a fine fishing evening.

Then we took boat, at about eight o'clock, and 'rowed' across to a spot where a trap awaited us—and such a trap!—and drove away through the drooping day towards the Count's wonderful water. The trap was a square iron box on wheels, and the road—when it left the main track and branched off into the pine forest which jealously guards the upper reaches of the Voksa—was not a road at all, but a series of terrible abysses with no bottom, excepting the native rock, which is granite in those parts, and painful to jolt against. Had the Count so arranged matters in order to keep intruders from his sacred precincts? We, at all events, were not deterred from pressing forward, and oh! the sight that rewarded us—a sight I shall never forget, and such as I had never thought to see. Try to picture it. When we reached Harraka and the basin or ante-room between Saima Lake, and Voksa opened out before us, the entire surface of that basin of a quarter of a mile diameter was boiling and seething, and positively alive with leaping, gambolling monsters, so that it looked for all

the world as though a shower of gigantic, long-shaped hailstones were falling over the entire surface of the water. There was not a square yard of the whole within which, if you watched it for a second or two, you would not see a mighty trout jump. Had it been possible to suddenly intercept a huge net between air and water you would have caught a million.

Even C. G., who has fished this marvellous basin in olden days, before Paradise was lost, has never seen anything like this. Our fingers, as we put up our rods, tremble with the mere excitement of seeing such a sight; we can hardly frame words of wonder and admiration. The feeling is almost awe——

But the two Finnish fishermen appointed to row us about shake their heads discouragingly. When the fish are playing in this way, they give us to understand, they will not take the bait. They are, it appears, not feeding at all, but merely enjoying life, and endeavouring to rid themselves of certain parasites which cling to them at this season. Probably in an hour or two they will feed. This is discouraging, but we will try.

And for an hour we float slowly up and down and across the little lagoon, and the monster fish leap and play all round us, so that we might, if we pleased, touch them with our hands; they almost jump into the very boat at our feet, but neither minnow, nor fly, nor whisky bobbie will tempt them.

We must leave the place at midnight, alas! for the Count's huge establishment—he has built a palace in this once beautiful place, beautiful in the fullest loveliness of prodigal nature—the Count's many servants and officers and stewards and clerks, will not retire until we depart, and we cannot decently keep them all up later than twelve. Nevertheless, we will rest for half an hour, no more, and then try again for an hour or three-quarters of an hour; perhaps we may yet tempt at least one of these million monsters from his element. At present it is too tantalising to bear; we must turn our backs upon the seething basin and walk inland for the half-hour of enforced idleness—and then——

C. G. tells me that his fisherman has recognised him as an old friend, and declares that he, C. G., in the old club days, gave him, Mikki, a pair of trousers. C. G. does not remember the circumstance, but feels that the trousers were garments well bestowed, for Mikki will certainly take him to the best places by virtue of the gift. Cast your bread, says C. G., upon the waters, or in other words distribute old pairs of trousers freely, and you shall reap the benefit of your liberality after many days.

Then we returned and settled ourselves once more in our luxurious, red-velvet cushioned boats, selected our biggest and most fascinating phantoms, and started. It was now past eleven o'clock. The fish had nearly finished their tantalising antics at the surface and had disappeared into the secret depths; the swirling water was scarcely broken by a single leaping monster. Night had fallen at last: it was as still, as silent, as mysterious, as bewitching as a dream-river. You could hear the roar and turmoil of the Voksa breaking away in rapids at the far end of the basin, but here in the smooth water there was no sound—only a strong, silent draw of deep water towards the place where lake and river parted. Where were the fish? What had become of the thousands of sportive giants of half an hour ago? I tried to imagine them at the bottom, each lying behind stone or snag—lying with moving gill and bright silver body waving in the current, on the look-out for prey. Did they watch my blue phantom as it passed, and half rush out at it, but hold back at the last moment, noticing something which aroused suspicion in the cut of tail, or fin, or red marks on the white belly? There is something fearfully sacrilegious about all this. How dare I float with impunity out here, at night, above these millions of scaly beings, intent on their destruction and fearing nothing for myself? What about the water-spirits—the *Vodyannui* of Slavonic folklore? This is their own place; it is probably a sacred retreat of theirs. At any moment they might—

Away go thoughts of water-folk and of everything else, for there is a great jerk. My heart goes off at a hand gallop; my rod instinctively stands upright. Fifty yards away there is a rush and a wild flash of a silver streak of light—I lower the point for an instant, an act of courtesy always to be paid to a leaping fish—then there is a whirr and a few moments of delirious, delicious agitation. Yohann, my man, is making for the land where the Count has built him a wonderful granite embankment for the convenient landing of fish; we reach it and I step out, but my captive has not the smallest intention of giving in yet; he is closer in now, but more than once he bolts away and increases the distance again. Suddenly I perceive that C. G. is beside me: he, too, is playing a fish—a big one, he tells me. It is a race who will requisition the huge landing net first. Up and down the embankment we go, and the fish are leaping and struggling close in now; but C. G. gets his home first, a beauty of nearly twenty pounds; and mine, tired out, is ready to be landed as soon as the

net is free. A truly lovely fish, too, but smaller than his by several pounds—no time to weigh either of them now.

Back we go, and in three minutes both are on land once more, and each is busy in the deliriously fascinating occupation of battling with another giant. Oh! this is life indeed. Better half an hour of Harraka than a cycle of Cathay! Quick, C. G.; land your fish and give me the net and let us both start again; this is too splendid to waste a minute!

And again we put forth our fatal phantoms, and two more beauties are presently transferred from the secret places of this wonder-tank to the hot granite of the Count's quay—and then, alas! it is midnight, and we must go. Seventy-five pounds, in six fish, in little more than half an hour; it is good enough, C. G. Furthermore, we are the richer by more than seventy-five pounds of trout-flesh, for we have seen a great sight to-night; we have been in Paradise; we have burst, this day, into the secret places of the trout people, the very sanctuary and central rendezvous of the tribe.

What should we have caught had we been able to continue our fishing on that marvellous night? Who can tell? If the fish are on the feed, really on the feed, in that wonderful basin, I believe you might catch any number while the appetite of the community lasted; there is no lack of them. No possible amount of angling could produce the smallest effect upon the numbers of the thousands we saw that night, when the basin boiled and splashed again with the play of them. A paradise indeed for anglers is this Finland paradise of the Voksa, and, alas! a paradise lost.

FRED. WHISHAW.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE author of *Pevevil of the Peak*, quoting (I think) the *Spectator*, says that if ever he is especially dull his readers may be sure that there is a design under it. Without design, but by reason of infirmities, this set of garrulities is condemned to be unusually dull. The winter and the prevalent malady have driven to the baking suns and icy winds of the Mediterranean one who would fain be otherwise occupied by the northern streams of Naver, Shin, or Helmsdale. The contemplation of *ton azur, ô Méditerranée*, makes the mere mechanic exercise of writing a burden scarcely to be borne; or perhaps the influenza is the cause of this indolence. A wilderness of palms, tossing like a sea under the tyrannical wind which for ever walks abroad, is a depressing and not an inspiring spectacle. I could almost welcome sheaves of amateur poems to fill up with: poems on Spring, Dreamland, Poppies, Population, and what not; but I have given the poets the slip for the nonce.

* * *

A tour through France, personally accompanied by a violent headache, is not apt to suggest agreeable topics. One little glimpse into the *vie de Bohême* this pilgrim had, in Paris. He was standing, in bright March sunlight, on the quay, waiting for a cab, when he saw, seated on stairs leading down to the Seine below, a young man in dress and figure very like the author of *Travels with a Donkey*. He was slim, he was as comfortably sunning himself as a philosopher should, and he could hardly be mistaken for anything but a student of art or of literature. It was about noon, the hour when all Paris is lunching. As the pilgrim idly looked at the sun shining on the stairs, on the water, and on the student, behold the young man took a raw carrot out of his pocket, trimmed it with a knife, and unaffectedly munched it. I am afraid that he had no other *déjeuner* that day; and he cer-

tainly was not posing, for he could not be aware that anyone was observing him. In the warm sun he seemed tolerably happy, and this, perhaps, was a little glimpse of the *vie de Bohême* which we used to read about. Such were the early luxuries of M. Zola and many other authors now popular and opulent. And what was a sympathetic foreigner to do? How could he substitute a fair meal for the carrot? Indeed, I was much too stupid to solve that question.

* * *

Perhaps nothing else in this Voyage of the Spleen struck me so much, unless it was the battered relics of old French royalty standing outside the door of a little curiosity shop in Avignon. There was a travelling trunk, covered with dark red leather, morocco, perhaps, but the leather was hardly visible by reason of the blaze of brass. Here were brazen crowns, suns, *fleurs-de-lys*, dolphins, and other gaudy emblems of the dead days and the dead dynasty. In the window of the shop were knick-knacks of old leather, relics from a royal writing-table, stamped with crowned L's. The *débris* of some regal Louis had been washed by the wave of time into this dusty little street, where customers were few and far between. I saw a very bad miniature, in a shagreen case with a circular mirror. It represented an unlovely person in a black perrique, armour, and a lace necktie. Methinks the portrait was meant for the Old Chevalier, and was a waif of his residence in Avignon, or had belonged to a follower of his son, Prince Charles, who also had an establishment in the old Papal city. It was a hideous work of art, in any case, but I fancy that a visit to Avignon might repay a modest collector of 'twopenny treasures.'

* * *

What an awful game American University football must be, according to the observations of M. Paul Bourget in *Outre-Mer*. Every scrimmage, like a retiring billow, deposits a jetsam of wounded; the doctors then appear, patch up the men, or take them away. Our University football is less ferocious, I understand, but we are not afraid to play the sanguinary heroes of Harvard or Yale. *Qu'ils viennent!* as Tartarin says. It is odd, by the way, to notice in the reports of Queen Elizabeth's gaolers of Queen Mary, that when the Scots played football for her pleasure at Carlisle the game was *not* brutally ferocious, but

mannerly, which the writer attributes to the smallness of the ball used. The Americans should perhaps introduce a smaller ball.

* *

To have been young, beautiful, witty, a poet, admired, and miserable, and yet after centuries to excite unkindness in learned breasts, is not the prerogative of the aforesaid Mary Stuart only. The sister of John and Charles Wesley, Hetty Wesley, had in her quiet sphere all the most alluring qualities, and the added plea of bitter sorrow, yet the learned Provost of Trinity (Dublin), Dr. Salmon, cannot leave the poor girl alone. Many years ago, in the *Portnightly Review*, Dr. Salmon accused Miss Wesley of a protracted imposture, which was punished by being turned into the chief cause of the distress of her life. In a lecture lately delivered at Dublin Dr. Salmon returned to the charge. As he humorously quotes George Primrose (the vicar's son), 'the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes' when first he fired them off. Whether they deserved 'a conspiracy of silence' (in which Dr. Salmon has not joined) or not I do not say.

* *

In brief, Dr. Salmon's theory is that Hetty Wesley was the conscious and guilty cause of the celebrated and mysterious disturbances at Epworth Parsonage in 1716. As to the real cause, it is impossible to assert any opinion. Dr. Priestley, the philosopher, thought that the servants were to blame. Dr. Salmon acquits the servants. Coleridge believed in a contagious cataleptic disorder, unknown to science, which made everybody imagine the same nonsense. The circumstances were as follows:—Epworth Parsonage, in 1716, was a new house, the old place having been burned during Samuel Wesley's tenancy. There are, indeed, tales of earlier racketings than those of 1716, but they are vague. Mr. Wesley *père* was an austere man, his wife was an austere woman. She had trained the children to cry silently when they were whipped (which was often), and her lord had once deserted her for a whole year because, being a Jacobite, she would not pray for the King, *de facto*. Mr. Wesley returned to her in a year, thereby 'breaking a vow.' These were not parents on whom we should expect children to play tricks for months. The family, as was common, believed in the existence of witchcraft, but were far from being timorous. The young folk (the sons being absent) were a set of lively, pretty, flirting girls—Keziah, Hetty, Emily,

and several others. Indeed, when mystic noises began Mr. Wesley was apt to set them down to 'us young women and our lovers,' writes one of the girls; while Mrs. Wesley suggested rats, and called in a man to blow a horn, and frighten the rats away. But this only increased the disturbance, and awoke the emulation of the noisy person unknown.

* * *

The trouble began with a knocking at the garden-gate, opening which, the servants found nobody. There were also groans in the house and dairy. This was the beginning of evils. Dr. Salmon's theory is that Hetty had been out (flirting probably), and that she knocked, hid herself, groaned, and so on, by way of making her entry without attracting attention. She would come in when she had frightened the servants to bed. 'There was no great depravity in this.' Encouraged by her success, she went on, alarmed her sisters, and then played pranks on her mother by producing sounds 'like the winding up of a jack.' Mr. Wesley laughed at it all. So Hetty had to cause knocks and other phenomena in his presence, making a terrible din when he prayed for King George. It is a suspicious fact that, on request, the noise did not disturb Mrs. Wesley at her private devotions. It is a more suspicious fact that, among the many family letters on the subject, there is none from Hetty. Clearly (thinks Dr. Salmon) she would be ready to beguile her father, mother, and sisters, but *not* her brother Sam, then a master at Westminster. Once more, her biographer, Dr. Adam Clarke, says that 'fancy, not reason,' was her guide, a thing not so very uncommon among pretty young ladies. She was awfully punished! Her brother, the famous John Wesley, was then a schoolboy. But, later, he inferred that the noises were permitted to punish Mr. Wesley, senior, for having broken the vow against returning to his wife. Therefore, when Hetty, being forbidden by her father to marry the man of her heart, registered a vow to wed her first wooer, and when a plumber and glazier sued for her hand, John made her keep her vow and marry the plumber! Her life with this tradesman was one of misery, tempered by the outpourings of the devotional Muse. But her sister Keziah's love-affairs were yet more wretched, she having wedded a polygamist, I think; so, by parity of reasoning, Keziah must have been in the plot also. There is not, to my knowledge, one tittle of evidence against poor Hetty, more than against Nancy, Emily, Keziah, or the rest, except that, though

Hetty wrote cleverly, we have no letters on the subject from Hetty.

* * *

Dr. Salmon says, it might be objected, 'How could a girl do it?' 'He did not think much of the physical difficulty.' Nor did his Dublin audience, probably, for, as far as the lecture is reported, nothing was said to have occurred at Epworth but sounds, which were upstairs when the eldest sister was downstairs, and were downstairs when she went upstairs. Probably Hetty herself went up and down by another set of stairs, and so puzzled her sister. But, if Dr. Salmon is correctly reported, he did not give poor Hetty a chance. He did not tell his audience all the facts of the case. Now he may say, 'I believe that Hetty knocked, and sprang some kind of rattle; the rest is nonsense.' But, if so, Dr. Salmon is in the position of those historians whom Mr. Grote demolished. You cannot take a myth, as Mr. Grote said, reject all that to you seems improbable, and then accept the residuum as history. The evidence for things which a girl could not have done is exactly the same as evidence for things which a girl could have done, namely, contemporary letters and diaries. A girl could thump on the floor at family prayers, certainly. Whether Mr. and Mrs. Wesley could have failed to detect so simple a manoeuvre is another matter. Any young lady may try, at family prayers, in a serious household, if she does not mind being a martyr to science and to the hypothesis of Dr. Salmon. But, while it is easy to thump the floor instead of saying 'Amen,' it is not so easy to make an austere parent's pewter plate arise, at dinner, and 'spin for a pretty while' under his nose, the family looking on. Does Dr. Salmon think that a girl could easily do *this*, undetected, with about eight pairs of eyes on her? Or does he think Hetty could make Nancy's bed rise in the air, with Nancy sitting on it? Or could she make a hand-mill go grinding away, of its own mere motion, with nobody near it? Or, when Mr. and Mrs. Wesley walked downstairs to investigate, was it easy to produce the sound of a heavy stone crashing among bottles where there were no bottles? Or, when Nancy swept the passages, alone, could Hetty produce the sound of another invisible broom sweeping away, before her or behind her? Were the queer beasts viewed by Mrs. Wesley introduced by Hetty?

* * *

These are but a very few examples of the things which it was not so easy for a girl to do, at a moment's notice, in a house full of watchful eyes. Probably Mr. Maskelyne could arrange for the whole exhibition, of whose variety I have given but a poor idea. Like John Washington Wells, Mr. Maskelyne is 'a master of magic and spells;' but Hetty's spells were of a more agreeable order, before her heart was broken and she married the plumber. It may be added that 'spirit-rapping was' *not* 'a novelty in these days,' as Dr. Salmon avers. The literature of the period—Beaumont, Bovet, Glanvil, Aubrey, Henry More—was full of exactly such stories as the Epworth story. Hetty, as was likely in a lively young lass, may have deeply studied these light authors, with Baxter, Bodin, and Ambroise Paré, and may have found out the method which escaped the sages. Certainly she produced all the effects. And she did so on the spur of the moment, after her first, unpremeditated adventure at the garden-gate. Further, she kept it up for thirty years, for thirty years later we find Emily Wesley writing to John, and telling him how she is still haunted 'by that mysterious thing we call Jeffrey.' Is it not rather hard to ascribe all this to poor Hetty, on no evidence at all, as far as we see, except that she did not write letters to her brother about the singular circumstances which caused much more mirth than fear in her family? In any case, Dr. Salmon's audience should have had *all* the alleged facts before them, and, if the report is correct, the facts which raise the difficulty are exactly those to which their attention was not directed. However, anyone who wants an amusing book can find the whole affair in Dr. Adam Clarke's *Memorials of the Wesleys*. To such students I fearlessly leave the reputation of a witty, beautiful, and most unhappy girl, 'the lovely lady wedded to the' plumber. I have no claim to be one of 'the learned,' but I have paid such attention as I may to the paradox of the Provost of Trinity, without having the shadow of a theory as to the cause of the trouble at Epworth. I think that Hetty cannot be found guilty.

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Mr. Ditchfield has written a tome on *Books Fatal to their Authors* (Stock). I wonder that they were not also fatal to their reader, if Mr. Ditchfield has read them—most of these deadly books are so deadly dull.

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The volumes are often blasphemous, often seditious, often obscene; but, despite these popular qualities, they are almost invariably prosy to the last degree. I defy any modern student of *Tit-Bits* or the *Idler* to invade the *Amphitheatrum* of Vanini, or the *De Umbris Idearum* of Bruno, and come forth alive at the other side. Sorbière, it seems, made an incursion into Campanella, and 'lost both oil and labour over the empty book of an empty monk.' Campanella's sonnets alone, perhaps, permit themselves to be read. Since, 'for the sins of the learned, Heaven ordained the invention of printing,' we do not commonly burn the authors of dull books. Nay, by dint of blowing the trumpets and beating the drums of the Boomster, many books attain popularity for authors whom a more earnest age would (not quite unnaturally) have broiled. At no time, perhaps, would Servetus have been a popular writer. It is all very well for Mr. Ditchfield to talk of his 'well-known work, *De Restitutione Christianismi*.' It may be well known to Mr. Ditchfield; it is his business to know it if he writes about it. But Servetus only risked 800 copies, expecting, perhaps, to become 'very rare.' He became very rare indeed. All but three or four copies (Brunet says) were burned when the author himself was burned in effigy, or later. In the La Vallière sale, long ago, a copy fetched 170*l*. Meade printed one example of it, incomplete, which sold for 1,700 francs at the same sale. There is a Nuremberg edition of 1553; perhaps Mr. Ditchfield has used the Nuremberg edition. The author, not having the fear of the Society of Authors before his eyes, published at his own expense. Servetus was burned at Geneva by Calvin, who thoughtfully employed faggots of green wood. A good deal was said (and very properly) by the Reformers when Patrick Hamilton was treated in exactly the same fashion. But Patrick, we believe, was offered, like Socrates, a chance of making his escape. Poor Servetus would have jumped at such an opportunity. Not to publish books at one's own expense is a moral which may be drawn from this tragedy. How far the Reformers were fighting for 'freedom of conscience' is a truth which we may also learn. Of all things, freedom of conscience was what they hated most.

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Cornelius Agrippa escaped being burned, but our author does not give us a very clear view of Cornelius. He was really a kind of sophist, or journalist before journalism. His work on Magic, like all old works on magic, is very disappointing. He is always

coming to the point, and never comes. Probably he took up magic with some vigour in youth, and, becoming more cautious, Bowdlerised his own volume of spells; so that it is quite safe, and equally uninteresting. Urbain Grandier (another victim of a book), in my opinion, really came to the stake less because of his writings than because of his *bonnes fortunes*. Mr. Ditchfield calls him 'an amiable cleric who had led a pious and regular life.' Did Mr. Ditchfield never hear of an adorable young lady named Philippa Trincant? Or does he take the view of the friends of the amiable cleric? Dr. Gabriel Legué has no doubt about the amiable cleric's gaieties. Then there is the painful case of Madeleine de Brou. A cleric so popular among the fair as Urbain became the subject of the hysterical hallucinations which beset the nuns of Loudun. Grandier was burned, and the nuns set up as 'thought-readers.' The 'willing game' was played. Gaston d'Orléans whispered to Père Tranquille that Sister Claire should go and kiss the right hand of Père Elysée. Sister Claire did so, and Gaston was converted! This experiment certainly seems to lack scientific precision. Lord Montague witnessed a feat commonly practised in our own time by Foster, the American medium. The devil Balaam was ordered to leave the body of Jeanne des Anges, and to write the name of Joseph on the back of her left hand. The devil Balaam obeyed; the name appeared in red letters. This astonished Lord Montague very much, but the method of the trick is ancient and well known. If Grandier's life had really been innocent and regular, probably he would have had no attraction for the 'lusty wenches, singing (improper) songs' whom Lauderdale visited without edification.

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Dr. Dee's books, again, were much less fatal to him (an edition of Euclid is fatal to nobody) than his habit of going about with a cropeared rogue called Kelly, and several magical 'show-stones.' Mr. Ditchfield says that 'Casaubon published, in 1659, a *résumé* of the learned Doctor's works.' This Casaubon was Meric Casaubon, and the book is not a *résumé* of Dr. Dee's general works, but the first (and only) edition of his private notes on what Kelly saw in the 'show-stone.' Kelly either told lies, or he really beheld the kind of fancy pictures which many people still see, according to their account. Thus, he noticed 'a woman like an old Mayde, in a red petticoat, and with a red silk upper boddice, her hair rowled about like a Scottish woman, the same yellow.' A learned critic

thinks that Kelly did see 'summat,' for the following reason: he beheld some letters, which he could not read, and called 'Ghybbrish,' a very nice word. Apparently he copied what he saw, and it was Greek. Meric Casaubon translates the passage: 'This fellow will overthrow the work, his baggage is in a readiness,' and so on, Kelly having intended to run away. This anecdote is far from plausible in itself, and it would have been lucky for Dr. Dee if Kelly had really left him. The show-stone is said to be in the British Museum. Horace Walpole had one of Dr. Dee's specula, which he got from a member of the Argyll family. Horace was a very unlikely man to make a magical use of the relic. Dr. Dee's book did Dr. Dee no harm, for he died long before it was printed. He was more fool than knave, and his work is excessively tedious. Mr. Ditchfield says about George Buchanan, that 'he was entrusted by Mary Queen of Scots with the education of her son. Buchanan then embraced Protestantism.' This sounds a little mixed. The son was born on June 19, 1566. Within a year Mary was taken at Carberry. George Buchanan can scarcely have begun to educate even so precocious a prince as James before James was a year old; and afterwards the babe was out of Mary's hands, and in those of the Lords Confederate. I scarcely think that he waited till 1566 before turning Protestant. Finally, it is no longer believed by the most credulous that *Endymion* was fatal to Keats, and that he died of being told to 'go back to his gallipots.' On the whole, the men whose books proved fatal to them have very seldom been the authors of good books. Often they were mere scribbling maniacs. Mr. Ditchfield does not leave on one's mind the impression that he is very intimate with his old unlucky authors and their works.

A. LANG.

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